

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Countess of DELLWYN.

By the AUTHOR of
DAVID SIMPLE.

VOL. II.



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M.DCC.LIX.

The happy few who live together in
 the happy Union, till time removed
 its sacrifice, and Death removed them
 from this World to another, before Age
 had inflicted its injuries upon them.
 Which rather, it is by common to the
 Possessor, and a melancholy Object to
 their friends: who not to long, but
 that they went to the Grave full of
 years and honours.



Their names are in the
 Great Register of the
 British Museum, and they continue
 and a Blessing to the World.
 according to the

L I N E

L O N D O N

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THE
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BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

The great Value of a new Acquisition of Company, in the Detay of a Season, at a public Place, to the Followers of gay Diversions.

LADY Dellwyn's Beauty reigned
now almost unrivalled on the very
Pinacle of Admiration: She
could almost say her utmost Wish was
accomplished. Whenever she graced
an Assembly, she engrossed the Eyes
of all Beholders, received their Ho-
VOL. II. B mage

2 *The HISTORY of*

image as due Incense; and was herself equally pleased with them all.

Beaux drive out Beaux, as Coaches Coaches drive.*

But such is the Fate of the highest human Pleasures, as continually to exemplify the Truth of the Observation, That,

*Were our State as we would chuse it,
We should be unhappy with Fear to lose it †.*

For now the visible Appearance of the Season's approaching End began to fill Lady *Dellwyn* with melancholy and dismal Apprehensions; for her Lord had positively declared his Intention of returning directly to his own Castle from *Bristol*, as soon as he should be able to travel; so that her Ladyship despaired of following the Bent of her own Inclinations, which would have

* *Pope.*

† *Cowley.*

led

led her first to *Bath*, during the Height of the Season there, and then, before the Meeting of the Parliament, to have joined the Company in *London*. She therefore greatly rejoiced in every new Acquisition of Company; and the Information of the Arrival of Lady *Fanny Chlegen* filled her with much Pleasure.

Lady *Fanny* was indisposed after her Journey, and could not immediately appear in Public; but the Moment Lady *Dellwyn* beheld her, she was surpris'd to find in the new-arrived Lady her old Friend Lady *Fanny Fashion*. She had been informed, that her apprehended Rival, whose Coquetry was the principal Instrument towards obtaining her Consent to become Countess of *Dellwyn*, was since married herself; but that the present Lady *Fanny* was so, she had never heard the least Intimation.

Mr. *Chlegen* indeed accompanied his Lady to *Bristol*, but was so absorbed

in her dazzling Lustre, that he was seldom mentioned. Company dined with Lady *Fanny*: Parties were made to ride — walk — play at Cards, with Lady *Fanny*; but her Husband seemed in a State of Annihilation: And so much Resemblance did he bear to a Ghost, that, altho' present, he was invisible, and unobserved by any of the Company. Unless some odd Man, who sat near him at the Bottom of the Table, thought it proper to acknowledge the Master of the House, like the Ghost of *Banquo*, he might imperceptibly appear or vanish as often as he pleased, whilst the Lady, like Lady *Macbeth*,

Still kept her Seat,

and her State also.

A short Sketch of Mr. *Chlegen's* Character seems to demand a Place here, lest the Reader should be led into a Mistake, and imagine, that he was
really

really too insignificant to deserve any further Notice.

Mr. *Chlegen* was about the Age of Twenty-eight; his Person well-proportioned, rather inclined to tall; his Countenance was manly, without the least Mixture of Roughness; and his Eyes were penetrating, without darting-forth any Degree of Fierceness. He had had a liberal Education, and improved his Time to the best Advantage: His Heart was humane; he was a good Christian in Principle, and kept up in Practice (as far as human Frailties will admit) to the Religion he professed. Such was the general Character of the Man who was overlooked—by all such Persons as were the very Reverse of Mr. *Chlegen*. As to Lady *Fanny*, he married her because he loved her. He had Fortune enough to permit him reasonably to please himself; and altho' Lady *Fanny's* Disposition was somewhat gayer than what he wished, yet he flattered himself that

she had a sufficient Stock of good Sense at the Bottom to become an agreeable, domestic, chearful Companion, when the Flights of Youth were a little evaporated. The largest Share of human Understanding is often insufficient to prevent either a Man or Woman from giving too great Liberty to the Imagination, and bestowing a partial Opinion on the Object of their Choice. Besides, Lady *Fanny*, whilst Mr. *Chlegen* was her Lover, had shewn so visible a Preference of his Company to all other Diversions, as appeared to him to lay a solid Foundation for his Hopes; and he had then pictured to himself various Scenes of mutual Happiness, in which Inventions for her Indulgence always made the principal Part; and when he was married to her, he failed not to use his utmost Endeavours to make her happy. Such was his Tenderness for her, that what *Hamlet* says of his Father, might be justly applied to him;

*— so loving to my Mother,
That he would not let e'en the Winds of
Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. —*

And when he perceived, that she delighted more in the Pursuit of public Pleasures, and gay Diversions, than was suitable to his Inclinations, even to them he accompanied her for her Indulgence; but still cherishing the Hopes that she could not long continue this Taste, but must, of herself, grow weary of a constant Round of the same Manner of wasting her Time; for he could not conceive the Possibility of continuing resolutely in a Pursuit, which, he was well satisfied, was perfectly incapable of yielding any solid Pleasure.



C H A P. II.

The old Fable of the Fox, who declared the Grapes were sour when he could not come at them, exemplified: Or a sudden joyful Acceptance of what was the Moment before contemptible.

THE Two Ladies, as soon as they distinguished each other, met with all the reciprocal Joy that could be expressed by Two Friends, who had been long separated. Had Lady Dellwyn met with this Rival in her Lord's Affections while she was confined to his Castle, and imagined herself the most miserable of human Creatures by becoming his Wife, she could not, perhaps, have forborne stretching herself up into a sort of Posture of Defiance; her Eyes might have darted forth the Warmth of Resentment, and her Words have indicated Anger as plainly, altho' in a different Language from

from that used by the Vulgar to vent their Indignation. It is observeable, that when Ladies are angry, they encrease the Number of their Gestures; their Motions become quick and sudden; but they contract the Number of their Words, as if they esteemed them too valuable to be bestowed on such Persons as have offended them: Whence, I suppose, to give a *short Answer* is become a synonymous Term with giving an *angry Answer*; whereas the common People have a remarkable Volubility of Tongue when they would shew their Resentment.

Lady *Dellwyn* was now in the Middle of general Admiration; the Means therefore of her shining in Public were joyous to her Heart, and would not suffer the least Spark of Indignation to arise against Lady *Fanny*, who had, in a great Degree, contributed to her present Happiness.

B 3

Lady

Lady *Fanny Chlegen* had suffered many mortifying Apprehensions during her Journey, for fear the Company, from whom she expected full as salutary an Effect as from the Waters, should be dispersed before her Arrival; and therefore esteemed every Person to be valuable, who had the accidental Merit of making an additional Figure in the Rooms; but a Woman of Quality, at the latter End of a Season, was estimable indeed; and Lady *Dellwyn* was a more particular Pleasure than she expected, insomuch that if she had rivaled her in a favourite Lap-Dog, or any other Thing of equal Consequence, in all Probability Lady *Fanny* would have forgiven her, or, at least, have postponed her Resentment to a more convenient Opportunity, when Lady *Dellwyn* might happen to be less necessary to her Pleasures.

It is natural and customary for Persons of the same Rank to range themselves in the same Party; Lady *Dell-*
wyn

wyn and Lady *Fanny* were then the chief Supporters of that Company, which is often distinguished by the Name of the *Quality Set*; not at all so by themselves; perhaps very few of them ever heard the Expression; and as it is never used before them, it looks as if there was something invidious lurked under it: But if it never came from the Mouth of any other than the acknowledged Vulgar, it should not be here remembered. But the Case is far otherwise; it is more general than can well be imagined, and the Design seems to be, to declare a Contempt for being admitted into that particular Party; which Contempt they endeavour to prove, by letting their Thoughts, or at least their Conversation, continually dwell on that Subject.

A Lady, whose Eyes constantly rolled to that End of the Room where this Company generally sat, was one Evening more eloquent than usual in declaring, and endeavouring to prove,

that she had no Inclination to be amongst the People of Quality — she was much better pleased with her own little Party. — and many other Expressions of the like Import she was uttering as fast as possible, when Lady *Fanny Chlegen* accosted her, and desired the Favour that she would make one of their Party, because they had been disappointed of one of their Company.

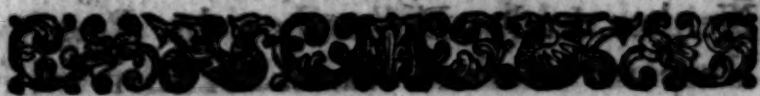
The Lady's Eloquence was immediately silenced: She walked up the Room with Lady *Fanny*, turning her Eyes quick from one Side to the other, repeatedly curt'leying all the Way to every one whose Regard she could catch, till she joined her present Company. During the Evening, she sometimes looked back on the Party she had left, with a View only of discovering whether or no they paid due Attention to her happy Situation. Such Revolutions do a few Moments cause in the human Mind! This Accident, in one Instance, seemed to have the
same

same melancholy Effect with a Stroke of the Palsy; for the poor Lady's Memory was so greatly weakened by it, that she totally forgot all her former Acquaintance, and was seized with a Giddiness in her Head, which robbed her of all her Steadiness. Her Eyes seemed to have taken a sudden Aversion to look downwards, insomuch that she scarcely observed the Paths in which she walked enough to preserve her from the Danger of falling.

An Assembly of Company, where Lady — was introduced as a Subject of Conversation, were all so intimately acquainted with her Ladyship, that they were not ignorant of any the least Bent of her Disposition; and, had they been Painters, they could certainly have drawn her Picture by Memory only; but unfortunately the Lady at that Instant passed by; which being mentioned by a Gentleman, who was indeed the only Person in the Room who really knew Lady — by
Sight,

Sight, the whole Company crouded earnestly to the Window, to discover which was the Lady, of whose most particular Notice they had but the Moment before boasted; and so far had their Imagination soared out of the Reach of their Government, that, whilst they were elated with the Thoughts of making believe they had the Honour of Lady —'s Acquaintance, they never reflected on their own strange Appearance, to which they seemed totally insensible.





C H A P. III.

*The quick Transition from joyous Rapture
to mournful Sorrow, in the celebrated
Game of Coquetry.*

LADY *Dellwyn's* Joy on this new Acquisition of Company was at first very great ; but it was soon abated, and then intirely lost, by the Mortification of having a powerful Rival of her Beauty. A divided Empire is seldom satisfactory to a Mind exulting in absolute Dominion. Arbitrary Power, however hateful to the Persons who are subjected to it, doth not often fail of pleasing its Possessor ; for who can say to Ambition, Thus far shalt thou extend thy Desires, but no farther ?

Lady *Dellwyn* had full as much Reason to call Lady *Fanny* her evil Genius, as ever *Mark Anthony* had to give

give that Denomination to *Cæsar*. Neither *Lady Dellwyn* or the *Roman* Emperor chose to search for their evil Genius in the only Place where it was constantly to be found, namely, in their own Bosoms; and therefore were driven to seek in outward Objects for that which sat closely concealed at home.

A conscious Dignity shone through every Gesture of *Lady Fanny*; a peculiar and expressive Toss of her Head positively declared to her Beholders, that she claimed their Admiration; and left a polite or gallant Man no Power of refusing her Ladyship what she thus demanded as her Due.

She look'd a Goddess, and she mov'd a Queen.

She was in Possession of the whole Art of displaying every Charm in its fullest Lustre; and as it is said of good Managers, that they make a genteel Appearance without any great Substance,

stance, so Lady *Fanny* made the most of every native Excellence; but in real Beauty Lady *Dellwyn* far exceeded her. In true Wit also Lady *Dellwyn* had greatly the Advantage; but Lady *Fanny* could turn the comic, or rather the farcical, Side of any Subject to a much fuller View. Her Power of Ridicule was superior both in Words and Motions; a sudden Casting up of the Eyes, or a judicious Shrug of the Shoulders, often expressing as great a Discovery of the Ridiculous as any Language can utter. Besides, Lady *Dellwyn* laboured under the Disadvantage of yet retaining some Degrees of Bashfulness; Pertness, and Self-sufficiency could at any time put her out of Countenance, even when those Two Qualities were all the Merit her Opponents could justly boast; a Misfortune which is ever a great Baulk to the Exertion of the Faculties in Wit and Humour.

The

The Loss of an Admirer, tho' in himself ever so insignificant, was as sensible a Mortification to Lady *Dellwyn*, as the losing a Branch of Power can be to the most ambitious Hero; and her Ladyship was now often driven to the Necessity of Coquetting it with Men, on whom she would scarcely have condescended to have cast one Glance before the Arrival of Lady *Fanny Cblegen*; and by turns she imagined, that she found something agreeable in almost every Man with whom she conversed. She had now lost the Niceness of examining the Merit of her Admirers; and, like Lord *Foppington*, she considered the Beauty of the Tip of an Ear as an Object worthy her Regard; for an applauding Smile, nay, even the least Simper, which Lady *Fanny* condescended to bestow on any Man, was full sufficient to engage Lady *Dellwyn* in the Practice of every Stratagem to disappoint Lady *Fanny*, and fix such a Conquest her own.

Sir

Sir *Harry Cleveland* found most Sympathy in Lady *Fanny* in the Art of Humbugging which he professed, more Power of discovering sufficient Cause for loud Laughter—out of nothing; and therefore generally connected himself with her Train of Followers. This was a sensible Disappointment to Lady *Dellwyn*, because she seemed more particularly to exert all her Endeavours to obtain his Admiration.

Mr. *Stratam*, as his principal View was only to gain such an Admittance amongst the constant Attendants on the most fashionable Beauty, as might raise a Conjecture that he was acceptable in her Sight, was always to be seen where

Beauty calls, and Fashion leads the Way,
and consequently was never absent from the most populous Haunts.

The

The Multitude, the Echoes of the Language used by the greatest Number, who glean up such Phrases as *Bon-mots*, *Bon-tons*, and toss them about promiscuously, (whether with or without any Meaning being a Matter of total Indifference), are certainly to be found in Herds wheresoever they are led by the Person, whom, by some Accident, they discover to be most worthy of Imitation, which at that time happened to be Sir *Harry Cleveland*. They are to be described only by Negatives. It would be difficult to discover what Qualities they have; but it is easy to know what they have not, and to them is strictly applicable what the Poet says of Women, that

They have no Character at all.*

They resemble a Field of Corn, where every single Ear bends the same Way, even as the Wind driveth. Such is a Multitude of Fashion-mongers, who

* *Pope.*

labour

labour for nothing but to find out which Affectation they shall next aspire servilely to imitate.

Captain *Drumond* now was singular in his steadfast Attachment to Lady *Dellwyn*; but unfortunately he was the only Man amongst all the Company, whom she could not bring herself by any means to be pleased with: For Lady *Fanny* never condescended even to use the least Endeavours to gain his Attention, but, on the contrary, singled him out as a fit Object for nothing more than pointed Jest and sneering Ridicule; and never called him by any other Name than that of the Mountebank, who was continually ascending the Stage to puff off his own Merits: And neither of the Ladies were greatly entertained at his constant Practice of trumpetting forth his own Commendations, as there was another Person, whose Praises either of them would much rather have made the Subject of their Contemplation.

No

No Two Competitors for lucrative Employments could possibly be more assiduous in their Pursuit, have clearer Views of each other's Imperfections, or be more openly complaisant or polite to each other, than were Lady *Dellwyn* and Lady *Fanny Chlegen*; they delighted to be together, the former, lest she should be too melancholy and solitary, and the latter, from the Encrease of her Triumph by Lady *Dellwyn's* Presence.

It would, perhaps, be a whimsical Inquiry to search into the first Rise of many Attachments, which appear, during their Season, very firmly fixed. By looking a little farther than meer Outside, we might behold one Lady driven on, as by Impulse, to her Choice by the Fear of lessening her Dignity, if she is not connected with the highest Rank in the Company. Another is actuated with the Hope of raising her own Dignity by the Notice of her Superiors in Station, and contrives to
assume

assume to herself Honour by touching the Garment of high Station. A Third condescends in her Familiarity, with the desirable View of rendering her Smiles or Frowns of Consequence. A Fourth frequents the Place where Lovers are to be found, altho' she hath no Share in either their Love or Admiration; and is thoroughly satisfied with reporting to her other Acquaintance, that she hath been so happy as to be in Parties with such gallant Men; but gives the Hearers full Liberty of imagining that she was not without her Share of Addresses. Some are obliged to be contented with being only present at Triumphs; whilst others exult in enjoying them. To number all the various little Motives to these apparent Connexions would be an impossible Task; for they are often composed of such slender Materials, as are all dissolved, and no more to be seen, by the Time they become perceptible to the most curious Observer.



CHAP. IV.

*The comfortable State of a human Mind,
whose tumultuous Passions are all
alarmed by the Disappointment of
Vanity.*

LADY Dellwyn was now almost in as great a State of Mortification as at the Time that Lady Fanny, by becoming her Rival in her Lord's Fortune and Title, first led her to discover, that such Advantages were worth the Price she afterwards paid for them, when an Accident happened, which was the highest Cordial to her almost fainting Spirits, and revived the pleasing Hope of obtaining a complete Triumph over Lady Fanny; for Lord Clermont returned to the Hot Wells, and she doubted not but that it was in her Power easily to regain his Attention.

And

And now if any able Muse would kindly attend my Call, I would entreat the Favour of her to sing the Lady tossed about by adverse Fate through all the full-blown Tempest of labouring and tumultuous Passions. If there were any reasonable Hopes of Success, I would make an Effort to allure such Assistance by melodious Verse; but as those Ladies have been long out of Fashion, and would be deaf to all my Supplications, I must proceed in humble Prose.

The First Evening Lord *Clermont* appeared in Public, each of the Rival Ladies was fully determined to boast such a noble Conquest.

Lady *Fanny Chlegen*, whose Countenance rather indicated Dignity than Gentleness, had that Day spent a longer Time than usual at her Toilette, practising every Art to adorn her Charms with an uncommon Softness, which was all played off at Lord *Clermont*. On the contrary, Lady *Dell-*

wyn, whose Countenance denoted an inimitable Sweetness, endeavoured to heighten her Beauties by all the Vivacity she was Mistress of; and her Eyes darted all their Lustre at Lord *Clermont*. To every curious Observer of Nature, it was remarkable with what an Exactness each performed her Part, whilst she was animated with the Hopes of Success. But every Disappointment had a very different Effect; for on every Gallantry or peculiar Attention offered by Lord *Clermont* to Lady *Fanny*, Lady *Dellwyn*'s Eyes lost their Fire, and a melancholy Languor overspread her whole Face. But when Lady *Fanny* perceived any Preference of her Rival in Lord *Clermont*'s Behaviour, her native Dignity came to her Assistance; and a peculiar Drawing-up of her Upper-lip, with a supercilious Contraction of her Eyebrow, indicated Scorn and Contempt. She reversed the Picture of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, of whom *Horatio* says, that he had

A Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger ;

for her Looks rather shewed her filled with Indignation than Grief. When their Fears were alarmed, Nature returned ; and her buffoon Mimic, Art, was thrown out of her Play, and entirely baffled : But Words are not adequate to describe the tragic Scene that was passing within Lady *Dellwyn's* Bosom, when Lord *Clermont*, making her a formal Bow, presented his Hand with great Respect to lead Lady *Fanny* to her Chair. Her Ladyship failed not on this Occasion to put on the most triumphant Air ; for she could very intelligibly, without the Utterance of one Word, express the Exultation of her Heart, and give an additional Pain to that of her already truly-mortified Rival.

Lord *Clermont* himself returned no more that Evening into the Assembly. Lady *Dellwyn* stood for some Time as

in a Dream, and was as motionless as a Statue, whilst Capt. *Drumond* eagerly embraced this Opportunity to enumerate a long Catalogue of his own Virtues: But as no one Word he uttered made any Impression on her Ladyship's Faculty of Hearing, she could not possibly shew her Contempt of this absurd Manner of recommending himself, by her common Practice of changing the Subject, and forcing him to break the Chain of his Discourse, like the Story in *Hudibras*,

— of the Bear and Fiddle,

Begun, but broke off in the Middle.

Lord and Lady *Dellwyn* had chosen separate Apartments for some time; for whatever Passion remained in his Lordship's Breast for his Lady, it bore no Resemblance to any thing that is called Love, even by the greatest Prostituters of that much vilified, innocent Word; and her Ladyship was always ready to embrace gladly every Proposal,

sal, which had the least Tendency towards the obtaining an additional Opportunity of being absent from her Lord ; so that, during the whole Night, she had such comfortable Reflections as the foregoing Evening could furnish, wholly to herself, and was in no Danger of being robbed of them by any human Being whatsoever.

Persons who labour under the afflicting and severe Misfortunes of their own over-indulged Imaginations, are very often induced to adopt the tragic Lamentations of poetic Writers, sometimes properly uttered by the Personages they would represent, as struggling under some great Calamity ; and sometimes the outrageous Rants, made use of by our tragic Authors, seem calculated to heighten the Passions, and, when they are put into the Mouth of the Poet's favourite Character, the Moral of the Play seems to be nothing more than that the most frantic Res-

The HISTORY of
verie is the highest Virtue. In the
Orphan,

*Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
 To spoil all Trust and Converse amongst
 Men;*

*'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
 In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Fac-
 tions,*

*In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism,
 Till all Things move against the Course of
 Nature;*

*Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes
 broken,*

And the Originals of Being lost;

is a Speech that throws forth a noble Exemplar of valiant Heroism, from the Character the Author seems to endeavour to shew forth, as possessed of all that's amiable, in Opposition, and as a Contrast, to the abandonedly profligate *Polydore*.

Calista, in the midst of her Penitence, is for digging down deeply in the

the Earth, to find a Grave to hide her from her Shame. To enumerate the various Instances which might be easily collected in the Tragedies that have appeared since the Restoration of these wild Rants, would be as endless, as to point out all the Indecencies of the Comedies.

Shakespeare, it must be confessed, had his Rants too. *Hotspur* was ready to bay the Moon; and, instead of being wonderful, it was perfectly natural and becoming in him; but *Cordelia* expressed her Grief by falling Tears; and *Harry the Fifth* was calm in the midst of the greatest Dangers. But to return to Lady *Dellwyn*: Her Memory supplied her with abundance of tragic Expressions, by which means she in some measure vented her Passions, otherwise she might have been in Danger of either being choked, or of bursting with inward Vexation. Instead of gaining any Repose, for a Refreshment to her fatigued and wearied Spirits, she

was raving about her Apartment, performing the Part of a tragic Queen, and heroically lamenting her own hard Fortune, as blank Verse or Rhyme occurred to her Remembrance, being perfectly convinced that her Fate was very peculiarly unhappy.

Thus was Lady *Dellwyn* actually miserable; and if she had been obliged truly to declare the Cause of all this mighty Tempest in her Bosom, she could not have discovered any other, than that Lord *Clermont* had led Lady *Fanny Cblegen* to her Chair; and, however inadequate to raise such a mental Tumult as this may seem, yet many State Revolutions have at first arisen from Causes as minute, and as apparently trifling. This Misfortune too seemed to be without any Remedy. To call back Yesterday was impossible; and to forget this shocking Circumstance was equally impracticable; yet sometimes a small Gleam of Hope almost imperceptibly stole upon her Thoughts,

Thoughts, and flattered her that her Day of Triumph might possibly be written in the Book of Fate, and Lady *Fanny* might in her Turn experience the piercing Affliction of being neglected; but then the mortifying Picture of Lady *Fanny's* triumphant Air, and Lord *Clermont's* distant Formality, was by her too-faithful Memory presented to her View, and baffled every peaceful Thought, or pleasing Hope.

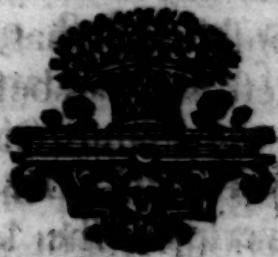
These Tumults in Lady *Dellwyn's* Bosom robbed her totally of all Power of even assuming any of her usual Vivacity in Conversation; and the spiritless Languor, which had overspread her Beauty, was too visible to the whole Company to be concealed; and this one Object so entirely engrossed her Attention, that she forgot her usual Diversion, the Pleasure of Coquetry slipped out of her Remembrance, and her Eyes were stedfastly fixed only on

C 5 Lord.

Lord *Clermont's* Motions and Behaviour.

Lady *Dellwyn* formed many Schemes, and revolved many Stratagems in her Mind, in order to gain the Admiration of Lord *Clermont*; every one of which pleased her at first View (it being the Privilege of new Fancies to present themselves in a pleasing Manner), and were then discarded, one after another, as useless and impracticable. At last, when she considered, that, at her own Lord's Request, she had before shunned Lord *Clermont's* offered Gallantry, she imagined that possibly his Lordship's present Behaviour might justly be imputed to his Resentment on that Account. Then she first inwardly called Lord *Dellwyn* very barbarous for such his unreasonable Desire, and then resolved to offend no more in that Manner; but, in order to prevent the disagreeable Consequences of this Indiscretion's (for such she now esteemed it) spreading any farther, she sought every

every Opportunity to make such Advances to Lord *Clermont* as she imagined might be conducive to remove his Anger, and heal the Breach between them.





CHAP. V.

*The Naturalization of a foreign Custom,
or the Introduction of a Chickilbee.*

LADY Fanny soon found good Reason to reflect on the swift Vicissitude of all sublunary Honours; for, without any Failure of proper Conquest on her Part, the Scene was suddenly reversed; she lost the Attention and Gallantry of Lord *Clermont*, which was now liberally bestowed on Lady *Dellwyn*, to her inexpressible Joy and Triumph. He was now become as her Shadow, the constant Follower of her Footsteps. Such a Flush of Happiness soon put to Flight all her Languor, and threw her into such a violent Fit of Activity, that she seldom
had

had Patience sufficient to remain long in any one Situation, but was rapid in her Motion from Place to Place.

Children, when first they discover their own Shadow, vary their Postures as much as possible, in order to divert themselves with their new Play-thing; and also to make others observe what a pretty Image attends their Motions; and perhaps Lady *Dellwyn's* restless and continual Movement might have more Respect to the shewing of her Shadow, than even herself.

Altho' Lady *Fanny* had exerted her utmost Endeavours to attach Lord *Clermont*, yet the Disappointment had not so visible an Effect on her. She was either endued with a much larger Share of Philosophy, or had acquired a superior Degree of Art to conceal her Mortification, than could be obtained by her Rival. Almost unconcernedly she could behold Lord *Clermont's* Assiduity to please Lady *Dellwyn*, and
smile

smile with no other Emotion than a Gesture of Scorn; a Commodity which, instead of being wasted, encreases, by the using, and of which Lady *Fanny* was possessed of so large a Share, that there was no Reason to apprehend its being ever exhausted; whilst every Infant might have read Lady *Dellwyn's* Mortification in her Countenance, during the Time that she laboured under the fancied insupportable Affliction of Lord *Clermont's* Neglect.

Mr. *Lucum*, during the Time that he imposed on himself the Belief that he despised Ambition, whilst yet Lady *Fanny* was very young, had placed great Delight in his Daughter's Reading to him; and as he then fled for Refuge from worldly Disappointments to Philosophy, she was furnished with a great Variety of Ideas which led to an utter Contempt of all Falsehood. Her Manner of Life then never subjected her to the Necessity of making an Appearance which had no Foundation in Truth;

Truth; which, with the Addition of constantly suspecting all Persons with whom we converse of equal Dissimulation, seems to constitute the greatest Part of that Kind of Wisdom, which, with great Propriety, generally goeth under the Denomination of Art or Cunning, and requires some little Study, and subsequent Practice, to arrive at any considerable Perfection; altho' in this Acquisition, as well as in all others, uncommon Geniuses sometimes arise, who so immediately arrive at the utmost Knowledge of this Kind, that it might be almost conjectured it came by Intuition. But Lady *Dellwyn* was a very poor Proficient in this Art; infomuch that her very Looks would betray her most inward Thoughts, when she endeavoured to conceal them, by watching over her Words before she gave them Utterance.

Lord *Clermont* was no Dangler after the Ladies: He never joined himself to

to any Woman's Train, either to gratify her Vanity or his own, but had always a farther View in every Application he undertook to make to any Lady; and his personal Attachment to Lady *Dellwyn* was really unfeigned. He frequented public Places in order to fix on proper Objects of his Gallantry; and never failed endeavouring to succeed with Ladies he liked, who had sacrificed willingly their Youth and Beauty to the Gratification of Vanity and Ambition; and very soon penetrated whether or no there was any Probability of succeeding in his Schemes. To those young Women, who, in marrying for interested Considerations, had Regard only to the obeying of Parents and Guardians, Lord *Clermont* seldom made any Addresses; apprehending that they might be actuated by Principles which could not possibly incline them to satisfy his Inclinations.

When Lady *Dellwyn*, in order to enjoy the Luxury of some Degree of
her

her own Approbation, had chearfully complied with her Lord's Desire, and avoided the Conversation of Lord *Clermont*, he plainly perceived by her Behaviour that all Attacks at that Time would be vain, and have no Tendency to answer his Purpose: He therefore resolved to leave *Bristol*; but yet he constantly corresponded with an intimate Acquaintance, who gave him a minute Account of all that passed there, and more particularly related every Transaction in which Lady *Dellwyn* was concerned.

The Situation in which Lady *Dellwyn*'s Vanity had placed her, by raising a Contest between her and Lady *Fanny Chlegen* for Admiration, was exactly correspondent with Lord *Clermont*'s Inclinations. He was perfectly acquainted with the Workings of the Passions on such Occasions, and well knew in what Manner he could best turn them to his own Advantage.

The

The Account of this visible Rivalship between these two Ladies brought Lord *Clermont* with a swift Progress back to the Hot Wells, where he resolved, instead of taking any particular Notice of Lady *Dellwyn*, to pay his first Address to Lady *Fanny*, which caused the apparent Preference given to her the first Evening after his Arrival; for Experience had informed him, that to pique a Lady's Vanity through one particular Rival, whom she most earnestly desires to surpass, is no small Step towards obtaining a great Degree of Power over her Mind. Lady *Dellwyn* was entangled in the Snare, and made Advances to Lord *Clermont* without the least Consideration of any Consequences, but the Hope of obtaining what her unbridled Imagination commanded her to believe was absolutely necessary to her Happiness, namely, a visible Triumph over Lady *Fanny Chlegen* in Lord *Clermont's* Admiration. When Vanity becomes thus predominant, it brings us into Subjection,

tion, and makes us the most abject Slaves to every human Being with whom we converse, who have any Inclination to play the Tyrant.

A Contention was now raised between Lord *Clermont* and Lady *Dellwyn*; in which, if she was steadily resolved to continue the Combat, she might have been almost certain of being baffled, if all Reflexion had not been totally banished by the Perturbation of her Thoughts; and Lord *Clermont* by degrees gained such an Ascendency over her Passions, by the impending Danger of his publicly preferring Lady *Fanny*, that she dared not disoblige him. The Terror of more tragic Nights was formidable to her Imagination, and to be avoided at any Expence whatever.

Every Conversation that now passed between Lord *Clermont* and Lady *Dellwyn*, when they were remote enough from Company to have no Hearers but each

each other, bore a much greater Resemblance to the Roughness of Contention, than to the Softness of Love. Within the small Space of a Quarter of an Hour, she often made a Resolution never to see him again; and, when he seemed ready to believe her Assertions, and to take a formal Leave of her, the Apprehension of Lady Fanny gave such a sudden Reflux to all her Passions, that she forced a Smile, and condescended to call him back again, and revoke all she had declared before. If, like *Venus* in *Virgil's Æneid*, she had been possessed of the Power to conceal Lady Fanny in a Cloud from human Sight, she might have retained some Command over herself, and all Lord *Clermont's* Stratagems would have been rendered of no Effect. But the terrible Apprehension of Lady Fanny's Triumph, and the Insult she expected as the natural Consequence, was too heavy a Burden for a poor Lady in her Situation to support with human Patience.

There

There is no kind of feminine Character so absolutely destructive of the Contentment and Happiness of others, as that of a Lady who is ever ready prepared with all the necessary Arts and Allurements of Coquetry, to receive every disappointed Lover. It gives the Man, who knows where to be thus cordially welcomed (if his Mistress should happen to be possessed of any Share of Vanity, and he himself is in Esteem in the gallant World), an Opportunity to his Wish of alarming her Pride, and raising her Desire to allure him back again : Which one Circumstance ruins and destroys more Women, than if there were a hundred blind *Cupids* of poetical Creation, and every *Cupid* was armed with thousands of pointed Darts and Arrows.

Lady *Fanny*, from amongst her Train of Admirers, peculiarly distinguished a young Gentleman of the Army, whose Name was *Farquhar*, to whom she gave the Appellation of her

Chichisbee. He was genteel, and remarkably handsome; but was so far from being puffed up with Vanity on that Account, that he delighted mostly in manly Exercises, and neither avoided the burning Heat of the Sun, nor the rough Bleakness of Winter Winds, to preserve the Clearness of his Complexion. By virtue of the Office of *Chichisbee*, it was his Duty to be a constant Attendant on the Lady's Person; but this *Italian* Custom is not sufficiently known and naturalized in *England*, to be practised without occasioning some Whispers, especially in Places whence Persons who have not wholly relinquished all the old vulgar Notions of their Forefathers cannot be totally excluded.

Mr. *Farquhar* was possessed of an uncommon Degree of Taciturnity in public Assemblies; but his intimate Acquaintance declared, that his Silence was not justly to be imputed to his Want of Ideas, but rather to his
being

being furnished with too great a Number to forget them readily, and become an Adept in what is called Small Talk. Nay, some Gentlemen, who were most accustomed to his Conversation, would not be persuaded that Mr. *Farquhar* would submit to waste his Time in such a trifling, dangling Manner, without he had sufficient Reason for the entertaining some Hopes, which were not greatly to Lady *Fanny's* Honour. But she baffled all Whispers, Sneers, and Rumours, by stretching up her Head the higher, and treating them with absolute Contempt. When Mr. *Farquhar* was present, she addressed him personally by the familiar Appellations of *Chickisbee*, Gallant, &c. and when absent, was peculiarly eloquent in his Praise; by which means it must be naturally concluded, that there could be no Consciousness in her Mind which might justly reproach her with any Cause for Shame on his Account. Her Ladyship was in full Possession of that Mark
of

of Innocence, of being as bold as a Lion; and surely it must be very unreasonable to be dissatisfied with such a Conduct.

When first Lady *Dellwyn* perceived her Rival's Attention to Mr. *Farquhar*, she began to lessen her Advances to Lord *Clermont*; but was soon convinced that Lady *Fanny*'s Stock of Coquetry was full sufficient for every Man who was willing to accept it; nor was she in any Degree less earnest to obtain the Attention of Lord *Clermont* than she had been before the Arrival of Mr. *Farquhar*.





C H A P. VI.

A short Chapter, which makes a great Revolution in Lady Dellwyn's Mind and Behaviour.

LORD Clermont, now he was thoroughly engaged in a Pursuit, employed his whole Thoughts in various Contrivances, and left no Stratagem unattempted by which he imagined he could hope for any Prospect of Success in his Scheme. Lady Dellwyn had in her Youth read a great deal concerning the Excellence of Virtue; in-
somuch, that had Temptation attacked her with the soft Allurements of Inclination, she would have called up all her Forces to struggle against its Power, and overcome such a Passion; but, satisfied that her Affections were per-
fectly

fectly free from any strong Bias in favour of any particular Lover, she walked securely in her own Opinion, and never perceived the Necessity of raising Fortifications to defend the unsuspected and unthought-of Quarter.

Lord *Clermont's* Experience, in his Commerce with Women, gave him many Advantages; nor did he cease his Pursuit of Lady *Dellwyn*, till he had, by her Apprehension of losing his Admiration, prevailed upon her to pay his own Price for her temporary Triumph, playing his Part so artfully, as to keep her Passions in a continual Tumult, and gave her no Time for Reflexion, till it was too late to preserve her from his Snares.

Lady *Dellwyn* was no Proficient in the Art of imposing Falsehood on herself, by a Set of Names which seem calculated for no other Purpose but to lessen in the Mind the Abhorrence of a vicious Conduct. She could not film
over

over the Odium of her own Actions, by applying to them the Words Gallantry, Intriguing, Coquetting, with many other softening Terms, many of them of *French* Extraction, which have been imported to *England*, and naturalized into our Language, and which have had an amazing Effect on our Manners, perhaps to as great a Degree as any foreign Luxuries whatever.

As soon as the Turbulency of Lady *Dellwyn's* Passions was a little subsided, and gave her Leave and Leisure to reflect, she considered herself as truly unhappy, by perceiving, that, instead of her, it was Lord *Clermont* who had triumphed, and that she only exemplified the Truth of the Observation in some old Play, that

*When Women fall, not quite bereft of Grace,
Their very Servants read it in their Face.*

Lady *Dellwyn* had indeed undertaken an arduous Task; she had entered the

Lifts, and engaged in a Rivalship, with Lady *Fanny Chlegen*, in a Scene of Life which required a much greater Degree of skilful Management than she was Mistress of. She had not sufficiently acquired the Art of living continually in a Masquerade, to be always ready sagaciously to conceal her natural Countenance; and her Thoughts were too apt to break through all artificial Disguises, which gave Lord *Clermont* too great an Advantage over her Weakness; nor could she now adopt the Shadow for the Substance, or assume the free lively Air, which is the Result of conscious Innocence, when she had wandered from that pleasing Path.

Now that slow-paced, tardy Kind of Wisdom, which, like faint-hearted Soldiers, offers its Assistance when the Combat is lost, and serves only to shew, that, had it come sooner, the Battle might have been gained; found its Way by Reflexion into Lady *Dellwyn's* Mind, and served sufficiently to enhance

enhance the comfortless State of her Thoughts. Such are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O Vanity! How various are thy Whims! and how great thy Tyranny! Shame and Confusion now attended on Lady *Dellwyn's* being seen with Lord *Clermont*, in full as great Proportion as Glory and Triumph had done but a very small Space of Time before; and Lady *Fanny*, who was perfectly Mistress of the Art of looking stedfastly at another with a significant Air, could now raise in Lady *Dellwyn* conscious Blushes, which were more mortifying than all she had suffered formerly from her triumphant Manner.

Lord *Clermont* was a great Follower of Pleasure: He had not Love enough for himself to restrain him from the Indulgence of vicious Habits, and consequently could not be expected to have sufficient Affection for another, to curb his Inclinations, in order to avoid any evil Consequences that might attend

his own Gratification; but yet he was not otherwise ill-natured. He had no Taste for the Sport of ridiculing a bashful Person out of Countenance; he delighted not in giving Pain, either for its own Sake, or to please his own Vanity, by playing off those little Arts by which a Man may shew to any Company the Power he has over a Lady's Passions. If this had been his Pleasure, he might yet have given Lady *Fanny* the Preference in Public, and have caused a Tragedy, which would indeed have called for an able Pen to have reached but half its Heights.

Lady *Dellwyn* now hung her Head, and drooped like a half-withered Flower. The whole Dignity of her Person was lost, and she would then gladly have exchanged her present Situation to have returned to her former Retirement, and with Joy have quitted all the Pomp of her State and Quality, to have re-assumed the innocent Amusements of Miss *Lucum*.

It

It is now Time to take a little Survey of Lord Dellwyn's Situation. His Manner of passing over one Day after another afforded very little Variety. That Fit of the Gout which having been the Means of prolonging Lady Dellwyn's Stay at Bristol, was then productive of inexpressible Pleasure to her Mind, had never totally left him, the whole Space not exceeding a Month. Much Coquetry may be practised, and many Changes and Revolutions may happen, in the Gallant World,

In the Space of one revolving Moon.

Pain and Peevishness filled up his Lordship's Days, and his Nights brought only constant Repetitions of the same melancholy Scene. His Lady, to avoid the Uneasiness Compassion for his Sufferings might give her, chose to be continually absent. His Servants indeed were weary; but as he was not ungenerous, they comforted themselves with the Hopes of future

Profits, and therefore submitted the more chearfully to bear all that Sort of Language which is the Result of Impatience, and would be thought very unpolite if used to any other than Inferiors.



CHAP.



C H A P. VII.

Wherein Miss Bilson appears, and by her Behaviour proves the great Efficacy of such an Example as her Mother's.

ONE Circumstance proved unfortunate for Lady Dellwyn, tho' it appeared entirely foreign to any of her Concerns. Miss Bilson's modest, bashful Beauty had not raised even one Spark of Envy in her Ladyship, since it could not be brought in Competition with her own, which was so raised by that fashionable Charm Self-complacency, that, amongst *People one knows*, she was certain of receiving the Preference; besides that most powerful Attraction, of being the gay Wife of an old gouty Man. Hope is allowed

to fan the Fire of Love: But it doth more; for it often kindles a Passion which assumes the Name; and the first Motive of a Man's Address shall be the Persuasion that it will be well received.

Tho' Miss *Bilson* gave no Alarm to Lady *Dellwyn's* Vanity, yet she proved most destructive of her Peace; for, by depriving Captain *Drummond* of his Influence over Sir *Harry Cleveland*, she left him at Liberty to fix his Attention more strongly on his other Bubble, Lord *Dellwyn*. Sir *Harry's* Taste was not yet so vitiated as to render him quite insensible to Beauty, adorned with what but a few Months before would have appeared to him its greatest Ornament. His Reason would sometimes contradict the fashionable Delusions with which he endeavoured to silence it; but perhaps all Miss *Bilson's* Attractions might not operate so strongly on Sir *Harry's* Fancy, as the Insensibility

lity with which she listened to what he thought his brightest Conversations.

Sir *Harry's* Pride was greatly piqued; for Miss *Bilson's* great Sensibility, as well as quick Discernment, shone so visibly in her Countenance, that he was thereby wholly deprived of the last Resource to which Vanity so often flies, of accusing the undelighted Hearer of Stupidity. He had therefore nothing left him, but to force her Approbation; and, to effect it, grew still more extravagant in the Exercise of his newly-acquired Talents of Conversation; for he could not doubt but he was in the Road to please, and therefore had nothing to do but to pursue it with greater Affiduity.

Some Spirit was requisite to pursue this Plan thro' the Discouragements Sir *Harry* met with; for the more he endeavoured to shine, the less he pleased Miss *Bilson*. When he expected she should admire, she only pitied; when

he intended to excite at once her Mirth and her Applause, she grieved to see a Man; whose original Character she had heard so differently represented by one who knew him before he came to *Bristol*, so corrupted by the Stream of fashionable Folly, that he seemed to have buried the Understanding of a Man under the frippery Affectations of a Monkey.

In short, all Sir *Harry's* Attempts to charm produced a quite contrary Effect from what he intended; and there was but one Thing in his whole Behaviour which pleased her, and that was his ardent Desire to do so; so that she was not quite insensible, any more than to the uncommon Agreeableness of his Person, and the Rays of good Sense which would sometimes make their own Way, and shine forth in spite of himself. But all this could not overbalance the Disgust she conceived at his Turn of Conversation; nay, when she considered how much both Nature and

and Education had done for him, she was the more displeased on reflecting how much he had laboured to do against himself.

One day that Sir *Harry* saw a Lady sitting by Miss *Bilson*, whose Awkwardness appeared to him a favourable Subject for his Wit, he determined by the dazzling Display of it entirely to captivate Miss *Bilson*; and accordingly soon took Occasion to change his Address from her to the Lady, to whom he intended the Honour of being unknowingly so useful to him, and who therefore could not put him to the Trouble of acknowledging an Obligation on that Account.

This Lady was brought from almost an entire Solitude to *Bristol* for her Health. Her Person was awkward, and her Mind ignorant. Mrs. *Bilson* had observed at her first Appearance her Surprize at the great Number of People she saw there collected together,

they, and how much at a Loss she seemed on the slightest Occasions. Mrs. *Bilson* knew it must be painful, and therefore pitied her, but the *Savage* became immediately the Object of general Ridicule. The Sons and Daughters of Mirth led their Acquaintance up to gaze at this Novelty. They would sometimes be civil, in order to enjoy the Distress she was in, how to make a Return for what she thought so prodigious an Obligation, and then, by a loud Laugh, delivered her out of that Difficulty, but left her no less embarrassed what to judge of so odd a Behaviour. Others would insult her with the utmost Ill-breeding, in order to amuse themselves with the Confusion into which their Insolence had thrown her. But lest this Fact should appear incredible to *some* Readers, it is necessary to declare, that this Insolence was never expressed in vulgar or *Billinggate* Language. The poor Woman was so distressed at this kind of Treatment, that she never ventured abroad

abroad but at the Hours requisite for her Health; therefore she was seldom seen but at the Well Room; and even there she contrived to get into a Corner before the rest of the Company came, having more than once experienced what it was to be attacked with a broad Stare, and a Laugh of Derision, as with bashful Fear and Trembling she had opened the Door.

Mrs. Bilson had observed all that past; and, feeling great Compassion for a Woman who appeared to be the Object of Ridicule, only because Fortune had fixed her in a State of Solitude, made some Enquiries after her at the Place where she lodged; and, hearing nothing but what was of Advantage to her Character, resolved to take her under Protection, hoping by her Influence to preserve her from Insult; for Mrs. Bilson had an uncommon Flow of Wit, ever ready to defend Innocence from the cruel Attacks of Derision; tho' she had an Understand-
ing

ing greatly above making use of it to make others smart by a Jest, unless upon such Occasions.

But Sir *Harry Cleveland*'s Motive for desiring to shine, was too urgent to suffer him to respect Miss *Bilson*'s Presence as he ought; and he thought himself peculiarly happy on this Occasion, that her Mother was not at that Time in the Company.

Sir *Harry* began by humbugging the poor Lady, and told her all the marvellous Things he could invent; while she stared with the utmost Astonishment, to his entire Satisfaction; being of a great Poet's Opinion, that

Wonder is involuntary Praise.

But Miss *Bilson*, not seeing it in the same Light, at last interrupted his Conversation.

"Among all the strange Things Sir *Harry* hath told you, Madam, (said she)

“ she) he hath omitted the most mar-
“ vellous of all; which is, that there
“ are Men, nay, even Gentlemen, and
“ who call themselves Men of Ho-
“ nour too, who take Pride in pub-
“ blishing the greatest Falsehoods of
“ their own inventing, to Persons
“ whose Regard for Truth renders
“ them unsuspicious of the Deceit;
“ and imagine they have obtained a
“ great Triumph, when they have im-
“ posed on those whose Credulity hath
“ no other Foundation, but a Belief
“ that they are above such low At-
“ tempts. This indeed, if called a
“ Lye, they would detest; but sanctify
“ it under the Name of Humbugg:
“ Tho’ in reality they are synonymous
“ Terms; only he, who tells malicious
“ or interested Lies, humbuggs for the
“ Gratification of Malice, or for Ad-
“ vantage; while he whose Motive is
“ Mirth, lyes for a smaller Tempta-
“ tion; and while we blame him who
“ thus endeavours to raise an Estate,
“ ought we not to despise him who is
“ guilty

" guilty of the same Breach of Truth
 " merely to excite a Laugh, and that
 " only from the most trifling Part of
 " the Creation, whose Approbation
 " can no more give Honour, than their
 " Disapprobation can with any Colour
 " of Justice fix Dishonour?

" *The broadest Mirth unfeeling Folly wears,*
 " is no solid Pleasure to the Person
 " who obtains it, nor can it give any
 " Glory to him who occasions it."

The untaught Lady was indeed all
 Wonder and Amazement. A Person
 must have lived

*Where never human Foot the Ground hath
 pressed,*

but in a

Desart inaccessible,

Under the Shade of melancholy Boughs,

Lost and neglect the creeping Hours of Time,

who can suppose that Mankind will ne-
 ver seek their Advantage at the Ex-
 pence of the Truth; but that they
 should wantonly, almost without
 Temptation,

Temptation, declare War with it, this Lady's Ignorance of the World (in that respect an Advantage to her) would not suffer her to believe. However, Sir Harry would not leave her the Power of expressing her Incredulity in this Point, from the various Exclamations with which he signified his Surprize that Miss *Bilson* should be insensible to so polite an Amusement, wherein he was certain she must allow much Wit was requisite to shine, and make any considerable Figure. "Not
" near so much, Sir (replied she), as
" in the writing of *Mother Goose's*
" Tales, or the Exploits of *Jack the*
" Giant-killer. He who first thought
" of his Four-mile Boots had some In-
" vention; an Honour the most fortu-
" nate Humbugger cannot boast; for
" all the Falsehoods he spreads are so
" only in respect to Time. They are
" what have happened, or might na-
" turally happen; and therefore the
" only Merit he can claim, is that of
" having a sufficient Capacity to turn
" Truth

“ Truth into Palsehood ; and whilst
 “ the Writers of such Histories as *Jack*
 “ the Giant-killer only humbly desire
 “ to amuse the Imaginations of *Chil-*
 “ *dren*, the ambitious Humbugger
 “ grasps, as his ultimate End, to de-
 “ ceive the Judgments of *Men*.”

Sir *Harry* had suffered his Mind to be so darkened by vain Affectation, that he had lost all the Perspicuity of his Discernment, and was now in as great a Perplexity as he had caused in the untaught Lady herself. He was bewildered by

*An Ignis fatuus, that bewitches
 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches.*

He had great Deference for Miss *Bil-*
son's Opinion ; but had now so long ac-
 customed himself to consider this tri-
 fling Manner of damping his Intellects,
 and wasting his Time, to be the highest
 Honour to which the human Species
 could arrive, that he could not easily
 persuade

persuade himself a Person of Miss *Bil-
son's* Understanding could possibly have
a Contempt for it; and for some time
harboured a Suspicion, that she herself
was playing the very same Game which
she endeavoured to make him believe
she so heartily despised. But when he
was convinced that she was in earnest,
he could not immediately give up the
Talent which he now most valued; but
entered into a serious Defence of his
Practice; which gave Rise to a Dispute
of some Length between them, till, in-
wardly vexed by the Force of her Ar-
guments, and yet ashamed to acknow-
lege that he could not reply to them,
he left the Room in visible Confusion.
And Miss *Bilson* hoped that his Coun-
tenance indicated Marks of Indigna-
tion; for when the Lustre of Truth
makes a Man angry, it is a much better
Symptom, than when it hath no other
Effect than to raise in him Sneers of
Derision.



C H A P. VIII.

The great Power of Beauty, when accompanied by Modesty and Reason, not only to warm, but also to amend, the human Heart.

SIR Harry Cleveland immediately fled into public Company, in order to seek a Remedy for the Ill-humour Miss *Bilfen*'s Insensibility to all his Wit and Ridicule had thrown him into with the Person in the World he was most unwilling to quarrel with, even *himself*. He at first determined to quit any farther Attempts on a Heart, which he began to suspect would cost him the unsupportable Labour of once more new-forming himself, before he could entertain any Hopes of succeeding; and if Miss *Bilfen* had at that

Time by any sudden Misfortune been deprived of her Beauty, he would certainly have prevailed on himself to discover that her Understanding also was very moderate, and that she only affected to despise what she had not Wit enough to attain; for he who had so well succeeded in hiding away his own Understanding, even from himself, could easily have done that Favour by another. But her Person had made so deep an Impression on his Fancy, that, if he had endeavoured it, he could not for his Heart have raised a barbarous Inclination to conceal from his own Eyes her apparent good Sense.

Lady *Dellwyn* and Lady *Fanny Chlegen* were both ready to welcome him into their Party, and strove with Emulation which should entertain him most.

Lord *Clermont* was not at the Rooms that Evening, to Lady *Dellwyn's* great Joy; for his Presence in public was now become

become as much her Mortification as ever it had been her Triumph, and served only to confuse, and put her out of Countenance; so that she endeavoured, by the Amusement of a little Coquetry with Sir *Harry Cleaveland*, to silence her own Reflexions; at least for a short Season. But all their Conversation consisted in an Affectation of Mirth, which was very foreign to their Hearts, and consequently soon grew tiresome.

Lady *Fanny* was indeed all alive and merry; but it had a very different Effect from what was customary on Sir *Harry*. He saw the Emptiness of his own acquired Manner of Conversation by the frothy Levity of her Jests; and the more she endeavoured to shine in his Eyes, the more his Judgment was inclined to give Miss *Bilson* the Approbation she deserved.

He retired to his Apartment in the disagreeable Situation of being perfectly

fectly unsatisfied with himself, his Love and Judgment both combined to urge him to cast off the Practice of all that *Knowledge of the World*, and its Manners, which he had taken such Pains to acquire, and to bring himself back again into a State wherein his Understanding might have free Liberty to exert itself, and be no longer obliged to be carefully concealed, for fear it should bring a Scandal and Shame on its Owner. But then, on the other hand, to confess that he had been deluded by such glaring Fallacies, to condemn himself of such an Absurdity as to have thus been a Dupe to his own Vanity, whilst he was aiming at the *high Applause* of having duped others, seemed to his Imagination an *Herculean Labour*, and he was greatly perplexed to resolve in what Manner he could undertake to begin so mortifying a Task. It had been much easier for him to slide from a rational Employment into his present Manner of Life, because it came by degrees, and

one Folly naturally succeeds another ; but at once to turn from them all, and enter into the one Path, which leads to a reasonable Life, seemed a heavy, if not an absolutely insupportable Burden.

Sir *Harry* was some time before he would permit himself again to appear before Miss *Bilson* ; but her Idea had made so lively and strong an Impression on his Fancy, that it was impossible for him to exclude it from his Thoughts. His Reluctance to continue in a wilful Banishment from the Object which contributed so greatly to his Delight, at last conquered his Reluctance to throw off his adopted Follies ; and the first Opportunity he perceived of entertaining her apart from other Company, he contrived purposely to introduce the Subject of their last Argument concerning Humbugging ; on which Miss *Bilson* displaying her usual good Sense, he no sooner finished one Sentence, than he cried out,

From

*From Lips like those, what Precepts fail
to move?*

“ I can no longer oppose Reasoning
“ so just.

“ Truth divine comes mended from your
“ Tongue;

“ and I blush at the Errors into which
“ I have been led. Conduct me, my
“ fair Guide, out of this Labyrinth
“ of dangerous Folly, back into the
“ Land of Truth; strengthen the
“ Weakness of my Mind by your fre-
“ quent Converſe; and, after having
“ convinced my Reason, correct my
“ Manners.”

Miss *Bilſon*, ſomewhat piqued, re-
plied, “ Tho’ you cannot perſuade me
“ that my Cause is not good, you give
“ me a ſufficient Proof how bad an
“ Advocate I am, ſince all I have ſaid
“ cannot prevent your endeavouring
“ to make me the Dupe of the very

“Talent, as you are pleased to call it, which I am endeavouring to explode;” for she really imagined Sir *Harry* was humbugging of her; for Truth and Falsehood are so very incompatible in their very Nature, that, from the same Source whence the latter generally flows, we cannot easily believe the former ever proceeds. But he was for once truly serious, and at last convinced her he was so; tho’ several Meetings were necessary to prevail on her to give Credit to what appeared to her so great an Improbability.

Sir *Harry* now began to cultivate an Acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. *Bil-son*; and found, that had he fortunately fallen into their Company when he first came to *Bristol*, he should not have been under a Necessity of running into so much Folly, to procure his Mind an agreeable Dissipation.

His

His Attachment began to wear a serious Air; and Lady *Fanny Chlegen*, who had excused his Insensibility towards her only upon a Supposition that it was general, *and that he had no Idea of Sentiment*, was piqued to see another, and that too, in her own Language, an unexperienced Chit, effect what she had in vain tried at, as soon as she came to *Bristol*.

Lady *Fanny* therefore, in revenge, planted all her Raillery at Sir *Harry*; yet the Fire was not so strong, but a Man less captivated than he was might have borne it undisturbed. She asked him if he meant to rival *Harvey*, and make some new Discovery concerning the Circulation of the Blood, by continually gazing in Miss *Bilson's* Face, where it played up and down with all the awkward Rusticity of Blushing? She bid him consider what Figure those untaught Eyes, those uneducated Smiles, and that odious Bashfulness, would make amongst People of Fashion, when he

should introduce her into the World. In short, as Lady *Dellwyn* was now so oppressed in her Mind, that she was much more unfit than ever to pretend to a Rivalship with Lady *Fanny* in the large Field of Gaiety and Gallantry, her Ladyship seemed to set her whole Force against the Charms of Miss *Bilson*; altho' she was too reserved, and appeared too little in Public, to put in a Claim for general Admiration. But one Man of Sir *Harry Cleveland's* Figure was enough to raise Lady *Fanny's* Indignation, and to make her shoot forth at her all the Darts of her Ridicule.

*So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A Man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks he inherits
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd.*

Sir *Harry* was so tender of Miss *Bilson*, that altho' he despised Lady *Fanny*,

Fanny, he could scarcely bear to hear her speak so disrespectfully of one whom he knew not how to think on but with Adoration ; and told her Ladyship, that, " could he obtain Miss *Bilson*, he " should not only be the happiest, but " the proudest, of Mankind, as possessing a Treasure that no other Man " could boast : That as for the Company, which she meant by the World, " he should be in no Hurry to introduce her to them ; for she was as " unfit for a Life of Folly, as Folly " was for a virtuous and reasonable " Woman : For I am sure (added he) " it may be said of your Sex,

" *When Vice prevails, and Fashions bold*

" *bear Sway,*

" *The Post of Honour is a private Sta-*

" *tion."*

Lady Fanny did not suffer what she thought so great an Affront to pass unnoticed ; but, mistaking Raillery for Railing, she lost some of the Dignity

which she generally endeavoured to preserve, and thereby encouraged Sir *Harry* to fail so much in his Respect for her, that he left her without attempting to reply.

After this Conversation, Lady *Fanny* had very little Intercourse with Sir *Harry Cleveland*; but aimed her Insolence at Miss *Bilson*, whom she continually stared out of Countenance; and whenever Sir *Harry* was speaking to her, would, by directing the Eyes of every one near her, by Gestures and Laughing, raise such Blushes in that young Lady, that Sir *Harry* was obliged, in Compassion to her, to address her as little in Public as possible; which he was enabled to persuade himself to do, by having obtained Permission to visit Mr. and Mrs. *Bilson* at home.

Mr. *Cblegen* likewise gave no small Offence to his Lady, for having made Acquaintance with Mr. *Bilson*, from which he received great Pleasure. He soon

soon extended it to the rest of the Family ; and whenever they were in the same Place, contrived to be near them ; glad, by being engaged in Conversation, to seem inattentive to his Wife's imprudent Conduct.

When Sir *Harry* slackened in his public Addresses to Miss *Bilson*, he made himself what Reparation he could in the Conversation of her Parents, or the younger Branches of her Family. This naturally threw Mr. *Chlegen* more into Discourse with Miss *Bilson*, who was the most at Leisure, and whose good Sense could not fail to please a Man of his Turn of Mind.

Lady *Fanny's* Resentment at Mr. *Chlegen's* Intimacy with the People to whom she had the strong Antipathy of Good to Bad, operated so violently, that she endeavoured to raise a Report of his being enamoured of Miss *Bilson*, knowing the Ease and Freedom with which she conversed with him

would bear the Appearance of Encouragement. But her amiable and modest Conduct, as well as the very high Reputation of her Parents, blunted the Sting of Slander ; and her Ladyship could not succeed in a Point wherein she was unwittingly endeavouring to mortify her own Vanity, by making People believe that she was neglected, for one whose unfashionable Bashfulness rendered her so despicable to her Ladyship. However, such was her unwearied Malice, that Sir *Harry* found it necessary to put a stop to her Attempts, by some Intimations concerning her own Conduct ; which his Politeness would not have suffered him to utter, if any thing of less Consequence than Miss *Bilson's* Character had been concerned.

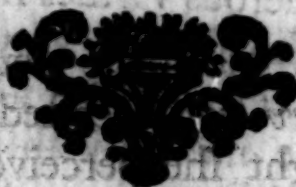
Sir *Harry* was by degrees brought to a very strong Sense of the Folly in which he had been immersed, and by his Friends convincing him, that

*All Praise is foreign, but of true Desert;
Plays round the Head, but comes not near
the Heart.*

Capt. *Drumond's* Merit, like a Bubble in the Water, began to sink to nothing; and Sir *Harry* became acquainted with his true Character by Mrs. *Bilson*, whose Penetration was too acute to be imposed on by any of those numerous Virtues he pretended to assume; tho' she saw very little of him; for he perceived in her something from which he naturally absented himself, and feared Detection; for where-ever he found Praise was deserved, and consequently not courted, he knew there was no Employment for a Flatterer.

Sir *Harry* had gained the good Opinion of the Family he most esteemed; but it was much increased by a little Incident, which shewed he was not insensible to the Distress of Persons who had no particular Title to his

Regard, farther than as his Heart was to be affected by general Compassion. But this Incident shall be reserved for the next Chapter.



the thought he received an Air of Melancholy on his Countenance; and asked him if he was ill. He acknowledged that he was, but that Grounds for his Distraction; for that he had been greatly shocked lately in- ing, by the Death of a Family who lodged in the same House with him. The Master of the House, who was a Clergy- man, had just died, and his Widow and Two Daughters in such Excess of Grief that he could not be ignorant



C H A P. IX.

*A Scene of great Distress reversed, and
the Sufferers relieved by Mrs. Bilson.*

ONE Morning, when Sir *Harry Cleveland* accosted Mrs. *Bilson*, she thought she perceived an Air of Melancholy on his Countenance; and asked him if she was mistaken? He acknowledged there might be some Grounds for her Observation; for that he had been greatly shocked that Morning, by the Distress of a Family who lodged in the same House with him. The Master of it, who was a Clergyman, was just dead; and his Widow and Two Daughters in such Excess of Grief, that he could not be ignorant of

of it, for their Lamentations reached his Apartment.

Mrs. *Bilson* was shocked with the pathetic Description of Distress Sir *Harry* gave her. Her Compassion was always ready to be bestowed on the Unhappy; but in this Case her Pity was enlarged, by the additional Sensibility of a Person who was but just delivered from Fears of the same Calamity; and imagined it probable that this poor Woman might have still an additional Affliction, as Part, at least, of the Support of their Family must be lost with her Husband.

As soon as Mrs. *Bilson* could conveniently withdraw from her Company, she went, with her eldest Daughter only, directly to the House where Sir *Harry* lodged; and having asked for the Mistress of it, inquired of her the apparent Circumstances of her distressed Lodgers.

The Woman told the Ladies she imagined their Fortunes must be very narrow ; for, as soon as they came, they requested her to procure some Plain-work for them ; and that they had dispatched a great Quantity since they had been there, having worked as hard as possible, and lived with the utmost Frugality in every thing but where the poor sick Man was concerned, for whom they had been most careful to provide every Comfort and Convenience that a much more ample Fortune could have procured him.

This Account of the poor Widow demanded Mrs. *Bilson's* good Opinion, as much as her Distress had raised her Compassion ; for she always gladly embraced every Opportunity of thinking well of another ; her Fund of Charity in that Branch being as extensive as in that of distributing to the Poor ; and she grieved to think that a Clergyman and his Family should be reduced to such Necessity. When the
Mistress

Mistress of the House, perceiving by her Countenance how much she was affected by what she had related, thus proceeded :

“ Indeed, Madam, I have Reason
“ to think the little Fund they brought
“ with them, notwithstanding the
“ Pains they have taken to add to it
“ by their uncommon Industry, is al-
“ most, if not quite, exhausted. But
“ Sir *Harry Cleveland* has been so ge-
“ nerous, as to desire me to contrive
“ to defray the Expences of the Fu-
“ neral in a decent Manner, and to
“ undertake the Ordering of it, which
“ he had promised to discharge, as
“ well as what shall be due for Lodg-
“ ings ; and also he will furnish them
“ with whatever Sum shall be requi-
“ site for their Journey back. But as
“ he thought it might not be proper
“ for him to wait on them in their
“ present melancholy Situation, he has
“ requested me to transact the whole
“ Affair ; the Management of which
“ I find

" I find to be so difficult a Task, that
" I have not yet obeyed his Com-
" mands."

Miss *Bilson's* Eyes, at the Relation of Misery she at first heard, had flowed with tender Tears; but by a sudden Transition they now sparkled with Joy, at the Account of Sir *Harry Cleveland's* Generosity; one Proof of Virtue in her Lover giving her more Pleasure than all the Flattery he could have bestowed on her. But this Effect did not pass unobserved by her Mother, who was watchful to discover how far Sir *Harry's* Assiduities had made an Impression on her, without putting her to the Confusion of confessing.

As the Woman of the House found Mrs. *Bilson* was inclined to visit her Lodgers, she told her, she wished that she would be so kind to undertake the acquainting them with Sir *Harry Cleveland's* generous Offer to them, as it would

would come better from her than from an Inferior.

In this Mrs. *Bilson* willingly acquiesced, and was introduced to them. After offering every Assistance in her Power for their Convenience in a Place where they were entire Strangers, she acquainted them, with all the Tenderness she was Mistress of, of the generous Intentions of Sir *Harry Cleveland*. Mrs. *Bilson* did not consider Poverty as having a Power to make human Creatures relinquish their Feeling: But, as is truly the Case, she thought Poverty added to the Apprehension and Sensibility of Insult; and therefore was more peculiarly careful of the Manner in which she treated the Distressed, whom she endeavoured to assist; than she thought necessary in her Intercourse with her Equals, or even her Superiors; and would often reflect, that if her own former Misfortunes had led her Mind into this Consideration for others, she

she had great Reason to be thankful for having been in a State of Humiliation.

The poor Widow felt her Goodness deeply in her Heart, and therefore had no Flow of Words ready to burst forth in Elocution to express her Thanks; but turned her Eyes, with a quick Transition, alternately on Mrs. *Bilson* and her Daughters, full of the highest Amazement. Mrs. *Bilson* endeavoured as well to sooth her Sorrows, as to assure her of Deliverance from future Oppressions in point of Fortune; and offered her all the Services she could render her towards establishing her Family in the World. At which Words, tender Feeling for her own, and the Offspring of the Man she had loved with an ardent Affection, brought a Flood of Tears to her Relief. She wept, cast up her Eyes to Heaven, could just utter the Words, Good God! and then sunk back in her Chair, as being overwhelmed with the grateful Emotions of her own Mind.

When

When she was recovered, and the Abatement of her Fears for her Children, by Mrs. Bilson's Assurances, had given her a little more Strength to support Conversation, Mrs. Bilson found, by discoursing with her, that her eldest Daughter was to have been married to a young Clergyman of excellent Character, whom her Husband intended to make his Curate, upon his coming into Possession of a Living which was promised him at the Death of the Incumbent, who was dying of a Dropsy, but had out-lived his intended Successor.

This Match the poor Woman grieved to think was at an End, as she feared her Daughter would not be able to support at once her Father's Death, and the Loss of a Man on whom she had placed the strongest Affection, but could not now marry, as they had no Prospect, at least no near one, of a Subsistence.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bilson* desired she would not suffer this Thought to add to hers or her Daughter's Affliction; for she would engage to secure them as good a Provision as the Curacy she mentioned; and desired she would inform her Daughter, who was left in the Country to take care of the Remainder of their Family, of this Consolation, that she might not sink under the Weight of her real and apprehended Misfortunes.

A considerable Part of every Day Mrs. *Bilson* spent with this distressed Family; and had the Satisfaction of seeing them resigned to the Dispensation of divine Providence, tho' grieved for the Loss of one who was justly infinitely dear to them; but the unexpected Generosity, of which they stood in great need, left them only one Subject for their Affliction.

Before they left the Place, Mrs. *Bilson* explained more particularly to them

them her Intentions for the young Clergyman. Her many charitable Institutions, as she chose they should be very constantly and carefully attended, she thought too hard a Duty for one Man, and therefore determined to join this young Man in the same Office; about whom she had written Letters of Inquiry to all Persons capable of giving any Account of him, and had received very satisfactory Answers concerning his whole past Behaviour.

The Salary Mrs. *Bilson* allowed was above that of a common Curacy; and she promised, on her Return home, to fit up a House, not only for the Reception of the young Couple, but for the Widow and her younger Children likewise; and, to render their Situation as comfortable as possible, by stocking a little Land with what might be useful for their Family. The Clergyman's second Daughter was something older than Miss *Bilson*, who took a particular Fancy to her; and, as her
own

own Maid was going to be married, had a great Inclination to take her; and Mrs. *Bilson* gave the Mother her Choice, whether she should be put into Business, or gratify Miss *Bilson's* Desire. The Mother immediately replied, that she had rather her Daughter should be placed in her Family, and receive the Advantage of her Instruction and Example; than be put into any other Employment; and Mr. *Bilson's* Daughter received another with the utmost Marks of Kindness; her Mother not having been able to find any Person she thoroughly liked to be about this new-found Darling of her Heart.

Sir *Harry Cleveland* performed what he had undertaken; and Mr. and Mrs. *Bilson* made the Widow so considerable a Present as would enable her to settle her Affairs quite to her Satisfaction; and Miss *Bilson* and her Sister-in-law insisted on the good Woman's suffering them to equip her Daughter, if the Marriage took Effect.

Thus

Thus was this distressful Scene reversed, and the Widow and Fatherless cheered by the good Offices of compassionate Humanity. The poor Widow left the Place with a most grateful Heart for all the Favours which had been showered down upon her, and felt all the Consolation her Grief for the Loss of an excellent Husband could admit of, from a true Sense of the great Blessing of having Three of her Children well-provided for. Her Pride felt no Wound from thinking Two were in a State of nominal Servitude; for in reality they were used with all the Kindness of Friends; in-somuch that many Persons, who have experienced what it is to be dependent under the Denomination of Friends, would rejoice in every Corner of their Hearts to meet with half the same Indulgence. And their Mother, who had flattered herself with no high Expectations for them, poured out her Thanks to the Almighty for their being so placed, that they were rather with
Protectors

Protectors of their Youth, and Exemplars for their Conduct, than with Mistresses, where their Dependence was the strongest Security for the kind Treatment they should receive; for Mrs. *Bilson's* Children had learned of her to admit no one into any Connexion with themselves, but with an Intention to render them happy,

Mrs. *Bilson's* frequent Visits to this afflicted Family became known, and consequently ridiculed, by many of those who esteemed themselves the superior Part of the Company. Lady *Fanny Chlegen* "greatly wondered, how
" it was possible for a Woman of any
" Fashion to go raking into Holes and
" Corners after every crying Woman,
" and more especially a Country Par-
" son's Wife, who surely was below
" one's Notice. But the Pride of some
" People took a strange Turn, and la-
" boured hard to get the Character of
" Good-nature; whereas, if they had
" any Sensibility, or the least Delicacy

“ of Nerves, they could not be thrust-
“ ing themselves into Scenes of Dis-
“ tress.”

Thus would her Ladyship run on till she was almost out of Breath ; and, when she had a little rested herself, she would begin again, declaring, “ that
“ she wished with all her Heart she
“ had as little Feeling as those People :
“ It had been the greatest Misfortune
“ of her Life to be born with such
“ tender Nerves ; that, for her Part,
“ she could not recover herself again
“ the whole Day, after having been
“ accidentally present at any melan-
“ choly Spectacle.”

Lady Dellwyn did not think what Mrs. Bilson did was so strange, as unnecessary ; for she delivered it very gravely as her Opinion, that the Distress was not so very great as represented ; “ for,” said she, “ the Woman
“ has only lost her Husband : Or suppose
“ she suffered a little in Fortune, why
“ surely

“ surely Liberty might recompense
“ her for that, as she would remain
“ sole Mistress of what remained, and
“ be subject to no perverse Controul,
“ unreasonable Humours, or authori-
“ tative Refusals of her Inclinations.”

Both the Ladies heartily forgave Sir *Harry Cleveland*, whose Generosity they had also heard of; for they concluded it must be right for a Man to be generous to a Woman, whatever was his Motive: Tho’ Lady *Fanny* could not forbear insinuating on that Occasion, that the Widow was accompanied to *Bristol* by Two pretty Daughters; and in her Heart was not the less inclined to speak favourably of his Charity, for imputing some Part of it to Motives of Gallantry.

Tho’, in real Fact, Sir *Harry*, in what he did on this Occasion, had not had any Retrospect to Self whatsoever, not even the least View to Miss *Bilson’s* Approbation, nor did he suppose it would

ever reach her Knowledge; yet he was not sorry that such was the accidental Event, as he found that this Action had raised hers, and her whole Family's, Esteem for him: But yet, till they began to talk of leaving *Bristol*, he could not take Courage to explain his Views, and request their Approbation and Interest with their Daughter.

This Proposal was no more than they expected. They perceived the young Lady was favourably disposed towards him. But tho' his late Behaviour had gained their Esteem, they were afraid of giving their Daughter to a Man who could be so easily led into Folly, and whose Conduct they therefore apprehended could not safely be depended on in an Affair of such Consequence for Life, as the Marriage of a young Lady, who, as well as her Mother, thought that a Woman's Happiness consisted chiefly in domestic Pleasures.

Miss

Miss *Bilson* also had the same Fears with her Parents. Her Heart spoke in favour of Sir *Harry* such as he then was; but she knew not how he might alter, and was sensible that there was a Degree of Folly which would render her as unhappy a Wife as if he became vicious. In truth, there seems to be no Reason why a Man who moulders away his Understanding in such Pursuits as are below an Infant, should be nominated by a less reproachful Appellation, than him who falls into any other erroneous Conduct whatever.

This Consideration made it difficult to give Sir *Harry* an Answer correspondent to his Wishes. His Fortune was not sufficient Inducement to tempt them to sacrifice a Daughter where they thought she might be unhappy; and they could find no Way of treating Sir *Harry* more genteelly, than by telling him the Truth. He might justly claim their Sincerity; and therefore

F 3

they

they acquainted him with their Objections.

It is easy to suppose that Sir *Harry* omitted nothing he could urge to persuade Mr. and Mrs. *Bilson*, that he was entirely disgusted with the trifling, absurd Follies, which justly gave Rise to their Objection to him. But he could prevail no farther, than to be looked upon in a State of Probation; wherein after he had spent a sufficient Time to prove his Sincerity, if he continued unaltered, he might expect to be accepted.

He would gladly have passed his probationary State in their Neighbourhood; but that they judged no Trial of his Steadiness: For where he could meet with no Temptation for his Vanity, and in Sight of the beloved Mistress of his Heart, he could not well waver in his Resolutions: They therefore required that he should spend some Part of the Winter in *London*; at the same

same Time giving him Leave to make them a Visit before he went thither, and engaging to give him a very favourable Reception, if he passed the gay Season in Town unperturbed.

Sir *Harry* was obliged to acquiesce in this Decision, as he found he could obtain no better Terms; and was so well assured of his own Steadiness, that he looked on his Compliance with it only as a Delay; but, as such, his Impatience to call Miss *Bilson* his, made him esteem them very cruel. He accepted their Invitation, and made them a Visit soon after they left *Bristol*; where, had it not been the End of the Season, he could have found no Temptation to stay after their Departure. His Mind was so strongly attached to the valuable Treasure they carried with them, that he found no Pleasure in her Absence.

I have some Reason to believe Miss *Bilson* would have shortened the Term

of his Probation, had it been left entirely to her Decision; but she had too just a Sense of the Obligation she was under to that parental Affection which was so tenderly apprehensive for her Happiness, to give any the least Hint of her Inclination: But when she saw him set out for *London*, she had some Fears, which shewed that she herself was less assured of his steady Adherence to Reason than she had before imagined.

The Result of Sir *Harry Cleveland* must be left to be disclosed at a future Opportunity; for it is now high Time to return to the Lord and Lady who are the principal Subjects of these Volumes.

CHAP.



C H A P. X.

*The Love of Flattery the chief Root of
being Dupes to the Treachery of others.*

CAPT. *Drumond*, as is before intimated, being now shaken off by Sir *Harry Cleveland*, had fastened wholly on Lord *Dellwyn*, whom he found a Method of rendering greatly subservient to his Convenience in a pecuniary Way; and then, amongst his other Acquaintance, thought proper to make him a constant Subject, on which he exercised his Talent of Sneering and Ridiculing: A Practice which it is earnestly to be wished was confined only to such Persons as Capt. *Drumond*, as it was perfectly uniform with every other Part of his Character, which had not been fully complete without this

F 5 coinciding

coinciding Addition; but it is a melancholy Circumstance, whenever a Man's Behaviour in this respect unavoidably presents to the Memory the following expressive Lines

*Who would not laugh, if such a Man
there be?*

But who'd not weep, if — were he?

Capt. *Drumond* had a great Inclination to take Lord *Dellwyn* to nurse; a Phrase I borrow from a late celebrated Genius in the Science of getting Money; for when any Man of Fortune had by Gaming, or by any other chosen Method, so far dipped his Estate, as to be utterly unable to satisfy his own Appointments, and discharge the Claims of his Creditors; this our Genius, by his artful Management, could contrive in a set Number of Years to clear all the Debts, allow the Owner a handsome Maintenance out of it, and always bear in Remembrance to be well rewarded for his Trouble.

This

This he called taking an Estate to nurse. It was remarkable, that often the very Gentleman, who could not contrive before to have sufficient for his Expences from the Produce of his whole superabundant Fortune, found it very practicable to live within Compass, when he was reduced to this Allotment.

There was one unfortunate Circumstance attended this Inclination of Capt. *Drumond*; for as Lord *Dellwyn's* Estate was clear, he could not possibly take that to nurse, unless he at the same time took also the Incumbent; and he might be truly said to do so, with great Propriety of Language; for he humoured and treated him in every respect like a Child.

Lord *Dellwyn's* Gout and Confinement rendered a ready Companion very acceptable; and the Captain's continual Repetitions of his own Merit, like

Drops of eating Water on the Marble,

at length forced its Way; and his Lordship was convinced that Capt. *Drummond* was brim-full of every cardinal Virtue. It is observable, that every Man (however wrong he may be in his own Conduct) is desirous of a virtuous Friend. Whether this arises from the Apprehension of being injured by the Baseness of those with whom they have any Connexions, or from such a great Degree of Affection for their Friends, that they wish them better than themselves, must be left without any Determination.

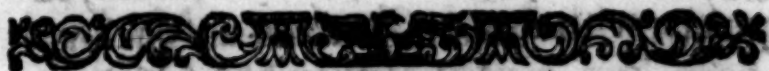
The grand Point in which Lord *Dellwyn* delighted to be flattered was, that his Companion should discover, either by his Looks or Motions, some Appearances of Youth, or, at least, that he was not yet arrived to any great Age. The Captain was very penetrating in this Particular, and often perceived such Signs of juvenile Activity

vity in his Lordship, as were imperceptible to every other Eye.

If a Man was to make choice of the Dress of a Nurse, and resolve to personate that Character at a Masquerade, he would certainly furnish himself with such Playthings as were fitted to his Purpose; otherwise he would very ill perform the Part he had undertaken. Capt. *Drumond* was full-fraught with all such Knowledge as could enable him properly to discharge the Office he had assumed; and as the well-shook Rattle will often stop the Infant's Crying, even altho' it is not perfectly free from Pain, so a well-timed Compliment, importing Lord *Dellwyn's* Youth, could even turn him from his Peevishness. In fact, every Man who feeds greedily on Flattery, is in one respect full as weak, and as easily imposed upon, as the smallest Infant. Nor is there any designing Man so ignorant, as not easily to perceive

ceive the Manner in which he can betray another, who hath first betrayed himself, by giving way to an Inclination of ever beholding himself in a false Mirror.





CHAP. XI.

A Capacity to digest, as necessary towards extracting either Profit or Pleasure from Reading, as outward Eyes themselves.

CAPT. *Drumond* had narrowly watched every Motion of Lord *Dellwyn's* Thoughts concerning his Lady. He visibly perceived first by what degrees his Indifference advanced, and then marked the natural Progress in his Mind to Anger and Indignation. By the Assistance of a fixed Attention to this Subject, the Captain found out that it would heartily coincide with his Lordship's Inclinations to be separated from his Lady; of which, when he was fully convinced, he resolved to point out a plain Method for his

his Lordship to obtain that Gratification, by discovering Lady *Dellwyn's* Intimacy with Lord *Clermont*. My Lord gave him a very convenient Opportunity for this Purpose, by declaring in Conversation with him, that his Lady's Virtue was his Misfortune, as it was only a stronger Rivet to his Chain, and made him despair of any Possibility of being freed from her during his Life; at the same time producing the Instance of her chearful Compliance with his Request, in relation to avoiding the Conversation of Lord *Clermont*, as a Proof of her Virtue; concluding his Speech with a deep Sigh, and saying, "And you know, Capt. *Drumond*, that she is *some* Years younger than I am."

The Captain took his Cue; and, after he had expressed a fulsome Compliment on the Subject of his Lordship's Age, the Discovery he had before meditated began to stir and bustle within him; but at first broke forth
only

only in Shrugs and Sneers, and every Suggestion that denotes Suspicion (often best conveyed by proper Gestures, without the Use of Words): A Practice well known to *Shakespeare*; as is plain, by his making *Hamlet*, when he forbids *Horatio's* discovering what the Ghost had declared, desire him also to extend his Watchfulness even over his Motions;

That you, at such Time, seeing me, never shall,

With Arms encumb'ed thus, or this Head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,

As, well—we know—or, there be, and if there might—

(Or such ambiguous Giving-out) denote

That you know aught of me.

But Capt. *Drumond* was disappointed; and played over all his Gestures importing his Suspicion of Lady *Dellwyn*, to no manner of Purpose; for my Lord was so fixed in his Opinion concerning

cerning his Lady's Virtue, that the Captain was at last reduced to the Necessity of cloathing his Thought in Language of a much plainer Signification. Lord *Dellwyn* was not like *Othello*; for he could talk very calmly on this Subject; and, without any Emotion, he argued the Improbability of such a Supposition; continuing to insist on the Reason above-mentioned: But the Captain, who bore a much nearer Resemblance to *Iago* than his Lordship did to the *Moor*, could turn all Improbabilities into their reverse; and would not let slip such an Opportunity of introducing an Outcry of her Ladyship's superior Art and Cunning, in affecting to shun the Man with whom she intended the greatest Degree of Intimacy.

This Outcry of Art, well-managed, must stifle in its Birth every Possibility of being justified from the falsest Accusation; and yet it is certainly sometimes founded in Truth; otherwise the
Dealers

Dealers in Cunning would not themselves ever be tempted to make use of it, as it could then by no means be answerable to their Purpose. This is one of those intricate Labyrinths which no human Penetration can unfold, and a Proof of the Excellency of *Milton's* Observation, that

Hypocrisy walks unseen by any but God himself.

A Complication of Incidents afterwards gave Lord *Dellwyn* many apparent Reasons to admire Capt. *Drumond's* Sagacity, from his Imputation of so great a Degree of Art to Lady *Dellwyn*; whereas, in fact, her Actions were the mere Productions of an unbridled Imagination, and ungovernable Passions, of that unreasonable Vanity with which she was first infected by the dazzling Glare of Lady *Fanny's* Diamonds, on that Birth-Night which had been so fatal to all her future Happiness, which, like deadly Poison, seemed to have
taken

taken so deep a Root, as to admit of no Antidote to expel its Venom. It is true, that the Object which was to gratify this wild Vanity, varied according to outward Circumstances; but whether it consisted of Diamonds, an Admirer, or any other imaginary valuable Acquisition, yet the inward Motive to Action was constantly the same, and never varied.

When Lord *Dellwyn* was inclined to give Credit to Capt. *Drumond's* Conjectures, then he was certain of his Intelligence, and was eloquent on the Subject of his mighty Attachment to his Lordship; which he proved fully to his own Satisfaction, by alleging the great Trouble and Pains he had undergone to make this *friendly* Discovery; but when his Lordship was wavering, and doubtful of the Truth of this Accusation of his Lady, then the Captain's Words conveyed the same Meaning with these of *Iago*:

—— *I confess it is my Nature's Plague
To pry into Abuse; and oft my Jealousy
Shapes Faults that are not.*

But tho' such was his Meaning, yet it was very far from his Inclination to quote this Passage. He rather wished such strong Pictures as *Shakespeare* drew of deep Villainy had never been written; for *his Part*, he could not believe any such Monsters ever existed in any other Place but in the whimsical Brains of poetical Writers. But he had no Occasion for being under any Apprehension on this Account. The noble Peer had never condescended to read any thing so trifling as *Shakespeare's* Plays; and, if he had perused them, there was no manner of Danger that he should know the Characters again in real Life.

There is a wide Difference between reading with the Attention which is necessary to digest, and extract Utility from

from Writings, and skimming over the Surface of Authors, with the View only of filling up a Chasm of Time, which is not so fortunate as to be engaged to some more entertaining Amusement. The Vulgar have an Expression concerning Reading which is very remarkable: They call it reading in *a Book*, or in *Prant*, without making Distinction what it is; but if they were to be told, that any thing which is in *a Book* is in Nature also, they would be astonished, and give no Credit to such an Assertion; and, to do them Justice, they are not always mistaken in such their Judgment.

It is very observable, with what uncommon Judgment *Shakespeare* makes *Iago* represent himself in such odious Colours at the very Instant of Time in which he is endeavouring to impose himself as an honest Man, and a faithful Friend, on *Othello*; as by this Conduct he points out, in the most glaring Light, how very little a Man has
the

the Use of his own Senses whilst he is under the Influence of any turbulent Passion.

Capt. *Drumond* also remembered to give the same Turn to this natural Delight, in raking in the Mire, and prying into Abuse, with *Iago*. It was all employed for his Friends. He acknowledged that he was suspicious; but, conscious that such a Confession was not greatly for his Honour, he disavowed absolutely having any Concern therein for himself. Perhaps he was under a Necessity of repeating continually the little Word *I*, to prevent the Misfortune of burying in Oblivion all Consideration for himself.

It hath been before hinted, that, besides the double Use Capt. *Drumond* made of Lord *Dellwyn*'s Friendship, of rendering it subservient to his pecuniary Convenience, and also of introducing him as a proper Object of Ridicule in his Absence, that there was yet a

third Gratification which he wished to obtain from his Intimacy in his Lordship's Family. But this was an Emolument which could by no means be brought about without the Consent of Lady *Dellwyn*; and in this particular Inclination he received the Mortification of being disappointed; which turned all his elaborate Profession of *Love* into Rage, and highly piqued his Pride; which, like a Soldier on Guard, was ever ready to take the least Alarm, and never suffered him to rest in Peace. His Apprehension of Contempt was greater than any other Apprehension in him whatever; for to deserve Contempt, and to fear it, constantly go together, and are inseparable Companions in the same Bosom. And what is a great Addition to this Misfortune, there is but one Method of driving out this Terror, when once it hath got Possession, and that is, by forcibly entering into such a Manner of Life as cannot be accompanied by Self-contempt: But this perhaps might hurt as much

as it did Lady *Townly* to think of Amendment.

The Manner of Lady *Dellwyn's* treating Capt. *Drumond* was highly disrelishing to his Palate ; for she not only absolutely disliked him, but was filled with great Indignation at his Presumption. She agreed not at all with him in his Sentiments of himself ; for he modestly thought that he was deserving of every Woman's Love. However, he could be tolerably pacified, whilst he could flatter himself that Virtue, and not that unpardonable Crime of disliking him, was the Cause of his being rejected. He therefore was but half angry with Lady *Dellwyn*, till the Rumour of her Favour to Lord *Clermont* began first to creep about in murmuring Whispers, and then proceeded to flying with more open Licence from Ear to Ear, from Assembly to Assembly ; then was Capt. *Drumond* indeed implacably revengeful ; and as open Power was wanting, insidious

VOL. II. G Dealing

Dealing was necessary to bring about his Purpose.

It was customary with Capt. *Drummond*, whenever he had entertained any disadvantageous Conjecture of another, privately to tax the Person suspected with the Fact. It is true he frequently found himself mistaken; for however paradoxical it may at first View appear, yet there is certainly nothing oftener deceived than Suspicion. Then he had a Sneer, and a loud Laugh, ready to carry it off, by declaring that it was only a Jest: But if, by the Result of this sudden Manner of questioning, he thought he had Reason to conclude that he was right in his Conjecture, then he had obtained his End, and exulted in the Depth of his own Wisdom. In this manner he proceeded with Lady *Dellwyn*, and had even Assurance enough to give her such broad Hints, as could not be misunderstood, that he was not ignorant of her Commerce with Lord *Clermont*; at the same

same time letting her understand, that there was but one only Method by which she had the Power of bribing him to Silence, or to keep the Secret even from her Lord himself.

The Captain however laboured herein under a small Error ; for Lady *Dellwyn* was not to be terrified into a Compliance with his base Proposals by all his Menaces. She was too much mortified within her own Bosom to be very fearful of Consequences ; and the same Vanity which had long been her principal actuating Motive, now told her, that it would be better for her to retire to some obscure Corner of the World, where she might be no more seen or heard of, than to appear amongst Mankind with Infamy. She detested such a mean Artifice ; and, by the proper Scorn with which she treated Capt. *Drumond*, she plainly proved, that she must first be her own Dupe, before she was liable to become that of another ; which is the Case much more gene-

rally than is imagined, and, if taken into serious Consideration, would preserve the well-meaning Part of Mankind from many Misfortunes, and frequently baffle all the cunning Stratagems of deceitful Treachery.





CHAP. XII.

*A Piece of Art of Capt. Drumond's,
which he called an ingenious Device.*

CAPT. Drumond from henceforth collected all his Force, and displayed the whole Artillery of his Cunning, for the Management of Lord Dellwyn; and ceased all farther fruitless Attempts on his Lady, for whom there remained no other Passion in his Bosom, but that of Rage, and a Desire of Revenge; which were indeed the Passions that were most apt to be uppermost in his Mind. He also considered a Separation of Lord and Lady Dellwyn as a necessary Incident towards his taking full Possession of my Lord without a Rival; for her Ladyship knew so much of him, that she could

not possibly be mistaken in his true Character.

But the Captain was very well-provided against any ill Effects her Knowledge of him could possibly have in her Representations of him to her Lord. His Inclination for Lady *Dellwyn's* Beauty had not Power enough to blot out of his Memory the principal View of all his Actions, or render him neglectful in any Point wherein his future Interest was concerned; for when he first grew fully convinced that Lady *Dellwyn* was engaged in an Intrigue with Lord *Clermont*, and had resolved on the Use he would make of it, he began to consider of the Means of acquiring stronger Proof than his Word, *modestly* judging such might be necessary; nor would her Ladyship's Compliance with his amorous Desires have prevailed with him to have dropt the Pursuit of what he thought might prove a future lucrative Advantage to him, unless she would also have agreed to use her utmost Endeavours

deavours that he should share in the spending as much of her Lord's Fortune as their joint Interest could by any means obtain from him. But this was a Proposal to come in Course, after the first had met with a kind Reception. But his ill Success in that Point engaged his Rage as well as Policy, to leave no Means unattempted by which he could hope to pursue her to Destruction.

The Method most suitable to the Meanness of his Disposition, was bribing her Ladyship's Servant. But in this he was disappointed, for he found the Maid was not let into the Secret. The Lovers saw each other too frequently to have occasion for a Confidante. The first thing therefore that he resolved to attempt, was to make such an Assistant necessary.

In order to effect this Scheme, Capt. *Drumond* renewed, and even increased, his Affiduties to Lady *Dellwyn*, and contrived to place himself constantly at
G 4 her

her Elbow; nor could the utmost Sights, or even almost Rudeness, from her, make him change his Purpose; by which means Lord *Clermont* sometimes should not be able for Two or Three Days together to utter one Syllable to her unheard.

This Impertinence produced the Consequence. Capt. *Drumond* hoped from it. Lord *Clermont* found it necessary to use Pen and Ink to convey Sentiments which he used to whisper in the Lady's Ear; and this epistolary Correspondence converted Lady *Dellwyn's* Servant from an humble Attendant to an insolent Confidante.

The Bribe had been offered to the Maid before she had any Hopes of deserving it: But she very plainly proved that Opportunity alone was wanting; for she no sooner had the Power of betraying her Lady put into her Hands, than she resolved to make use of it; and whenever Capt. *Drumond* had by this

this Play reduced Lord *Clermont* to the Necessity of Writing, she carried the Letters immediately to the Captain, who imitated his Lordship's Hand (for he was skilful in every Requisite for Treachery and Deceit) so dexterously, as to impose on a Person who had had some little Acquaintance with it ; which he had Reason to believe her Ladyship had not, because he knew the Maid had never before been so employed.

These Copies the Captain returned to the Maid to convey to her Lady ; whilst he himself laid up the Originals, with as much Care as if they had been the Deeds of an Estate, resolving by their means to effectuate his own invidious Purpose.

He pursued this Method till he had got what was sufficient for his Design ; nor did it require any great Number, for the chief Purpose of them was to fix some Place of Meeting. The

same Deceit was employed in respect to Lady *Dellwyn's* Answers; and by these Means he was furnished with all the Proof that he thought necessary.

No Consequence of Lady *Dellwyn's* criminal Vanity distressed her more than being thus put in the Power of her Servant. She saw both the Danger and the Meanness of such a Proceeding, and indeed felt it severely in the Infotence of the Person thus trusted. Nor could she have any reasonable Expectations of better Treatment. If her Servant had had any Sense of Virtue, she would not have been made an Instrument in carrying on a Correspondence, the visible Tendency of which must be so very contrary to all that could be called virtuous; and what could be hoped from one without Principle, but that she would tyrannically use the Power so ill-acquired?

Lady *Dellwyn* was so sensible of this Consequence, that nothing could have prevailed

prevailed with her to consent to such a Step; but Lord *Clermont*, presuming on the Privilege of a favoured Lover, had asked no such Permission. And the Servant gave her so plainly to understand how much she was in her Power after the first Letter she delivered her, that Lady *Dellwyn* perceived all future Care would be to no purpose; and therefore she did not forbid the Continuance of it. Besides, the Maid's Power was real, and not of her own Imagination; for her Lady now neither durst venture to turn her away or provoke her, for fear of a Discovery to her Lord, who she hoped was yet ignorant of her Conduct.

Fraught with these valuable Materials for Mischiefs, when Capt. *Drummond* had fully awakened Lord *Dellwyn*'s Jealousy, and excited in him a strong Desire for Proof, as convincing to a Court of Justice as his Suspicions were to himself, the Captain produced his Letters; which he accom-

panied with informing his Lordship of the infinite Labour he had been at to procure them; a Task which he protested nothing could have induced him to undertake, but his Desire of serving a Person to whom he was so entirely devoted, as on that Account even to prevail on himself to act contrary to that fair and open Method of dealing, which had hitherto been the constant Guide of his Practice.

Lord Dellwyn was as lavish in his Expressions of Gratitude, as the other was of Professions of his own Honour and Worth; not that he really believed a Man who was not capable of acting treacherously for himself, would be so kind as to do it for another; a Degree of Absurdity too great for any human Understanding to fall into; but his Lordship did not make this Part of the Captain's Discourse so much the Subject of his Consideration as either to give or withhold his Assent. He had now got into his Hands the Means
of

of gratifying what was then the very uppermost Wish of his Heart, the Desire of an absolute Divorce from his Lady, and was too well pleased therewith to be delicate about the Method by which they were procured. He left that Consideration entirely to the Person to whom it indeed seemed chiefly to belong, to him who had carried through such a Transaction, in order to ingratiate himself with his Lordship.

Lady *Dellwyn* never imagined that her Lord would take any other Measures with her, than to part with her privately, without declaring his Reasons to the World; and she doubted not but that he had Generosity enough to support her in some degree in the Station to which he had raised her; and, if his Lordship had thought proper to have acted as she hoped, she knew that she should not greatly regret the Separation. But herein she was mistaken; for Lord *Dellwyn* declared his Resolution of instituting a Suit in
Doctors

Doctors Commons. This indeed truly startled and terrified her. But still she hoped these were only vain Menaces, for she little imagined his Lordship had Materials to enable him to keep his Word. But he would not long leave her the Consolation of this fallacious Hope, acquainting her with the Proofs of which he was possessed.

This indeed was a Shock almost greater than her Frame could support. To submit to public Shame, and have her Name branded in a Court of Justice, were Circumstances too mortifying for her to think of with any tolerable Degree of Patience. She offered to comply with whatever Terms her Lord pleased. She prayed, wept, and intreated him to forego this Resolution. But Capt. *Drumond's* Revenge for her Scorn was not to be so satisfied. Her Susceptibility of Shame was the Delight of his Heart, as it supplied him with an Opportunity of mortifying her more thoroughly than he could possibly have done.

done otherwise, had she been less tender in this Point; and there was no Probability that he would ever suffer my Lord to cool in his Purpose before it was put in Execution.

From the Moment that Lord *Dellwyn* had, by the Disappointment of his Hopes to obtain his Lady's Affections, opened his Eyes, and made the Discovery that it would have been a superior Degree of Wisdom not to have married Miss *Lucum*, a certain Degree of Indignation had insinuated itself into his Bosom against Mr. *Lucum*, his Lady's Father, for having been one Instrument of bringing on him his Misfortunes. Whenever Blame must fall on any one of the Parties engaged in a Transaction, every Individual carries about him a Battledore to strike the Shuttlecock from himself. This Indignation arose at length to such a Height, that it was painful to conceal it, and by degrees was very apparent to his Friend Capt. *Drumond*, who kept

kept a constant Watch over every Motion of his Mind, and was ever prepared to turn every new Incident to his own Advantage.

The Captain was not long before he recollected many Persons who, in their own Opinion, had very just Claims to the lucrative Employment of which, by Lord *Dellwyn's* Interest, Mr. *Lucum* was in present Possession; but fixed his Thoughts more particularly on one Gentleman, who was profuse in his Expences, and whose pecuniary Power was by no means answerable to his Desires. In such a Situation Capt. *Drumond* doubted not but that any Prospect of an additional Income would be very heartily welcomed. To this Gentleman therefore he contrived to convey an Intimation of the Terms on which he might probably supersede Mr. *Lucum*. The Bargain was soon finished; and thus Lord *Dellwyn's* Interest was bought and sold without his Knowledge; and the Captain never ceased importuning

importuning his Lordship till he had obtained his Consent for the Accomplishment of the Promise he made unknown to my Lord, to whom he only represented the Worth and Honour of the Gentleman he would recommend; to which, as Lord *Dellwyn* had no Acquaintance with him, he gave implicit Credit; for he was thoroughly convinced that Mr. *Lucum*, who had incurred his Displeasure, was now become perfectly unworthy of any future Favour.

The END of the THIRD BOOK.



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CHAP. I.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Countess of DELLWYN.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

An epistolary Correspondence.

LADY Dellwyn was entirely ignorant of the whole Transaction mentioned in the last Chapter of the foregoing Book. A constant Correspondence had been kept up between her and her Father from the Time of her leaving *London* after her Marriage; and Mr. *Lucum's* Letters were always filled with strong Expressions of parental Fondness. The last

last Letter which Lady *Dellwyn* had then received from him, is here presented to the Reader, as a Specimen of the Style in which he wrote.

My dearest Daughter,

ALTHO' every thing is welcome that comes from your Hands to your fond Father; yet I was somewhat afflicted by your last Letter, because you seemed to fail in that Spirit of Vivacity which generally is so conspicuous in whatever you write; for, my Child, *the Countess of Dellwyn* is as famous for her Wit as for her Beauty: But, by your languid Style, I fear that your Health doth not continue in so good a State as is answerable to my most fervent Wishes. Pray take great Care of yourself, and consider that my Happiness depends on your Welfare. Write by the Return of the Post, and let me know whether I have any Reason for this melancholy Suggestion of your being indisposed; for I shall suffer great Uneasiness whilst I am under
this.

this disagreeable Suspence. Present my best Respects to your most honoured and revered Lord ; and believe me ever

Your most affectionate Father,

C. LUCUM.

From the very kind and warm Expressions of fatherly Fondness in this Letter, a small Ray of Hope darted into Lady *Dellwyn's* Mind ; and she began to flatter herself, that possibly her Father might be prevailed on to apply to Lord *Dellwyn* in her Favour, and endeavour to dissuade him from his Resolution of exposing her publicly. But she found an almost insurmountable Difficulty in wording properly a Request of this Nature to her Father ; for she dared by no means let the whole Truth appear, and yet was conscious that she was very unequal to the Task of being intelligible on such a tender Point, whilst she was under a Necessity of blending together in an artful Proportion two Things so very

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unmixable

unmixable in their Natures as Truth and Falsehood. Innumerable were the Instances, in which, if Lady Dellwyn had been possessed of the whole World, she would gladly have resigned it all, in Exchange for the Power of boldly, and without conscious Shame, speaking freely, and throwing off the Practice of every Degree of Deceit.

Many Mornings successively she arose with a fixed Resolution of writing to her Father; often were Pen, Ink, and Paper, vainly placed before her. The Fear of discovering the Fact she laboured to conceal, threw her each Time into such a Perplexity, that, instead of executing her Purpose, she burst into a Flood of Tears, and despaired of succeeding. But, after several Repetitions of these vain Efforts, she at last produced the following confused Epistle:

Honoured

Honoured Sir,

I AM greatly obliged to you for your affectionate and kind Concern for my Health. Indeed I am greatly indisposed ; but I believe it is chiefly owing to my present inward Affliction, for my Lord is quite changed in his Behaviour to me. I have certainly, by some unhappy means or other, ignorantly lost his Affection. One Capt. *Drumond*, who hath been here almost ever since we came, hath so insinuated himself into my Lord's Favour, that he never chuses to let him be absent from his Presence. And I am sure this Man imposes on my Lord a great many Falsehoods ; and, amongst the rest, he has made him believe something concerning an Intimacy between me and Lord *Glermont* ; that is, Capt. *Drumond* says so. I can very truly say, that when my Lord desired me to avoid that young Nobleman, I very chearfully complied with his Commands ; which makes this Story of the Captain's highly improbable.

However,

However, my Lord talks frightfully about *Doctors Commons*, and making a public Affair of it; than which no Grief could be more dreadful to me. I could not live to be publicly infamous. I therefore beg, I conjure you, Sir, by all your Affection for me, to intercede with my Lord to change his Determination, and to have more Kindness, even in his Anger, than to expose me to such a terrible Misfortune. I almost sink even under the very melancholy Apprehension. I will submit to any Terms his Lordship shall please to impose on me, if he will but suffer our Separation to be transacted in such a Manner as that no public Reason may be given for it. I have many Pleas to make in mitigation. I was married young, and unexperienced in the Ways of the World. But I pretend not to dictate to you by what Means to try to mollify my Lord. Urge what Arguments you think best. But let me prevail upon

upon you, Sir, to endeavour to use
your Interest; for I am at present,

Honoured Sir,

Your ever dutiful, but very
unhappy Daughter,

C. DELLWYN.

No doubt but the Reader will perceive that some Parts of Lady *Dellwyn's* Letter, and more particularly the latter End, visibly confessed that her Lord's Jealousy was not altogether groundless. This was very apparent to her own View from the Moment that it was irrevocable. Those Softenings and Mitigations of her erroneous Conduct were ever uppermost in her Thoughts; and she suffered her Pen to write them, in hopes of raising Compassion in her Father's Mind, before she was aware of any other Consequence; but as soon as she recollected her Indiscretion, she was almost driven to Despair.

Capt. *Drumond* had acted safely in his Solicitation for Lady *Dellwyn's* Fa-

your, it being impossible for her to run so great a Venture as to reveal it either to her Father or Lord *Dellwyn*; for if she could even have obtained Credit with them (which yet was very improbable), a very disadvantageous Conclusion would naturally have followed; and they must at the same time have been thoroughly convinced, that she had descended greatly from her Dignity, and given him Encouragement by the Levity of her Behaviour, before he could have presumed to have affronted her by such an Address.

Mr. *Lucum*, in the same Morning in which he was shocked by an Account from a Friend that he was in Danger of being superseded in his Place, also received his Daughter's injudicious Letter; insomuch that his double Disappointment almost drove him to Distraction.

From the Time that Lady *Dellwyn* was married, her Father had assured himself

himself of the certain Continuance of Lord *Dellwyn's* Favour during his Life; and his whole Mind was so filled with ambitious Schemes, as to admit no Thoughts or Fears concerning his Lordship's Age or Infirmities: He therefore had sold his own paternal Estate in the Country, and made a Purchase near the Metropolis, on which he had determined to build something magnificent, as a Monument that he had passed through this Life. And there was yet a farther Aggravation of his present Afflictions; for a Lady of a considerable Fortune had cast an Eye of Favour on him; but she was past those Years which are generally esteemed the most thoughtless; and Mr. *Lucum* well knew that his present apparent prosperous Situation, was no small additional Weight in the Balance of his Merits: So that in one fatal Morning all his Prospects seemed to be in a fair way of being overturned; and he was at once unwived, unhoused, and undone.

In this Humour Lady *Dellwyn* had very little Chance of finding Mercy from her Father; nor did he ever once reflect on any Cause for inward Reproach on her Account. There lived, in his Opinion, one faultless Person in the World, who consequently never experienced his Anger; namely, himself. He perceived Lady *Dellwyn's* Guilt plainly in her own Letter, which therefore he never deigned to answer. But to Lord *Dellwyn*, by Fits and Starts, in the Intervals of raving at his Disappointments, he wrote as follows,

My Lord,

THE Confusion of my present Thoughts is so great, that I know not how to express myself in a Manner fit for the Honour of your Lordship's Perusal. I fear the mean-spirited Wretch, whom you have exalted so highly above her Merit, as to confer on her the inexpressible Honour of your Alliance, has demeaned herself unworthy of your Lordship's Notice.

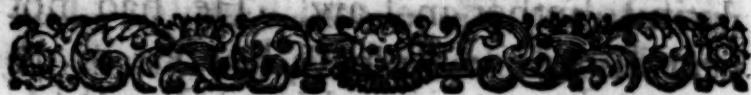
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I will never acknowlege her as my Daughter again, but consider her as an Alien to my Blood and Family. Use what Rigour you please, my Lord. I shall think you cannot treat her with too much Severity. But, my very good Lord, let not that Resentment which she has so justly incurred, fall also on my innocent Head; for I am not conscious of ever giving your Lordship the least Offence even in Thought; but am filled with Love, Respect, Gratitude, and Reverence, for your Lordship's great Goodness to me; and therefore hope your Lordship will confine your Indignation to the only proper Object of it, and continue to me the infinite Happiness of your Lordship's Favour and Friendship. I have the Honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient
and devoted humble Servant,

CHARLES LUCUM.



C H A P. II.

*Bonds of our own Choice and Making,
the most effectual towards reducing us
to the most abject Slavery.*

MR. *Lucum* had in his Letter plainly indicated that he was acquainted with Lord *Dellwyn's* unfavourable Intention concerning himself; but he ventured not to mention any Particulars, lest it should have the Appearance of Reproach, and rather irritate than appease his Lordship's Anger. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Disposition of the Man with whom he had connected himself, and knew full well that Submission and Resentment was the Part he must perform; and that it was perfectly necessary

sary for him to keep up to the Character he had assumed, and be a very dutiful Father-in-Law. He had not bent his whole Study to Politics, or, to give a more adequate Idea, of his Practice to Politics, almost his whole Lifetime, so much in vain, as to imagine that it cost him any thing to display all the Arts of Flattery and Dissimulation..

Lord *Dellwyn* deigned no more to give an Answer to Mr. *Lucum* than he did to his Daughter; but proceeded on steadily in his Purpose, with no more Consideration of him than if there had been no such Man in the World; and altho' his Lordship received repeated Petitions (for so they might with Propriety be called) for an Answer, yet he never condescended to grant this Request.

This Treatment from Lord *Dellwyn* irritated and inflamed all the irascible Passions in Mr. *Lucum* to such a Height, that he had no Method to

preserve himself from bursting with Rage, but to find some Object on whom he could safely vent his Indignation. It was vain and impotent, to attempt the revenging himself on his Lordship, the Superiority of whose Station placed him out of Mr. *Lucum's* Reach: All his Anger therefore fell with redoubled Force on his Daughter; on whom, in the most reproachful Terms he could possibly think of, he vented his Passion; and, whilst Lady *Dellawyn* was labouring under the most melancholy Dejection, she received the following outrageous Epistle.

THOU abandoned Wretch, I know not by what Name to distinguish whom I mean; for I should despise myself if I was ever more to acknowledge you as a Daughter of mine. I hope your Lord will treat you with all the Rigour and Severity you deserve, if that is possible; that you will be an Out-cast to the World, and that Sorrow and Grief will be your Portion.

Portion for the Remainder of your Days. Was it for this that I took such Pleasure in your Education, and endeavoured to instil and fix in your Memory all the justly-dignified Pride that attends on Virtue? Your abandoned Conduct has this peculiar Aggravation attending your atrocious Crimes, that by them you have compleated the Ruin of him that was your Father, but will never more esteem himself as such; but will ever continue inexorable to all your Whining and Blubbering, and never cease to be your enraged, as well as highly injured,

C. LUCUM;

In answer to this Letter, which was such an Addition to her already-heavy Affliction as drove her almost to absolute Despondence, Lady *Dellwyn* expostulated with her Father in the most submissive Terms, designedly avoided dropping the most distant Hint that might have any Tendency towards reminding him that he had ever been

H 5

guilty.

guilty of any Error in his own Conduct towards her, and in the most pathetic Language besought his Compassion.

Undoubtedly Lady *Dellwyn's* Conduct gave sufficient Reasons for her Father's Anger; but yet, if his own Bosom had not harboured so many disagreeable Things, that it was painful to him to turn his Eyes inward, he might there have discovered somewhat in mitigation of his Wrath, and reflected that his own Ambition had been the first Cause of his Daughter's Ruin; nor would he yet have been inexorable on the Account of her Crime; for if she could have prevailed on Lord *Dellwyn* to have forgiven her, to have yet acknowledged her as his Wife, and continued his Favour to her Father, his absolute Pardon would have immediately followed, and the Countess of *Dellwyn* would have had no Reason to apprehend the being reprobated as Mr. *Lucum's* Daughter; and yet an Infant
would

would be capable of perceiving, that her Crime would not have been in any degree the less heinous; nay, such an Instance of her Lord's Lenity and Affection towards her would rather have been an Aggravation of her Fault.

Lady *Dellwyn* now felt herself bound in the most whimsical Chain, made only by her own Imagination, which had imposed on her the Belief that she was bereft of all Liberty of breaking off her Acquaintance with Lord *Clermont*; to whom neither the Laws of Heaven or Earth could teach her that she was in any Subjection. This is a strange Infatuation of the human Mind; and Ladies often fancy themselves bound in Chains to a Lover once favoured: altho' they must be at a Loss to find a Reason for being thus fettered; unless they are apprehensive that such a Lover, if enraged, will discover a Secret which is generally very well known before; or that the Superabundance of their Gratitude induces them to think them-

selves under an Obligation to the Man, whose Pretence of Love is built on so selfish a Basis, as to sacrifice the future Peace of their Lives to his own present Gratification. Surely the Professions of Love must be highly esteemed where such fallacious Coin can pass for sterling Worth. But the Nets woven by the human Imagination, altho' they are composed of the smallest Materials, are perhaps full as difficult to be broken as the strongest real Bonds. *Don Quixote*, when he was set at Liberty by the Persons who had diverted themselves, by fastening him at Length to the Floor, in order to humour his Phrenzy, continued a long Time in the same Posture, and would not believe that he had the Power of Motion; so much easier was it to free his Limbs from Thralldom, than to cure his Mind of the Madness of thinking himself enchanted. Besides, altho' Lady *Dellwyn's* present Trouble had mortified her Vanity, yet it had taken too deep Root to be so conquered. *The Snake*

evers

was

was scotched, but not killed, and she was alarmed with the Fear, that, if she avoided any farther Commerce with Lord *Clermont*, Capt. *Drumond* would imagine he had Power enough over her to direct her Conduct. But to this Perplexity Lord *Clermont* himself soon put an End; for having found that his Intercourse with Lady *Dellwyn* was discovered, and prepared to be brought into a public Court, he thought it most prudent to withdraw. He had all that Courage so properly ridiculed in that most improper Character of Sir *John Brute*, and could tell the injured Person with as good an Air as any Man, "I wear a Sword, Sir." But to encounter with a Suit in *Doctors Commons* was out of his Practice.

Had his Lordship been required, by way of Reparation for the Injury he had already committed, to have taken his Chance for shooting thro' the Head, or stabbing to the Heart, the Man he had injured, no one would

have been more punctual to the Summons; for what he dared to do, he dared to justify; and would have done his utmost to deprive of Life the Man whose Honour he had blasted: But a Challenge to appear in *Doctors Commons* was highly disagreeable to him.

As Lord *Clermont* was in no respect deficient in that Honour which bears so little Affinity to Justice, the fashionable Honour of a fine Gentleman, he was sorry to leave the Lady when she was going to suffer so much on his Account: But his *Humanity* rendered him incapable of bearing the Sight of her Distress, which made her an Object fitter for Compassion than Love.

To avoid therefore the Brawling of Lawyers, and the Lamentations of his Mistress, his Lordship determined that he might absent himself with the best Grace he could, to go a Volunteer in the Army abroad; and perhaps his Mind was never in a fitter State for War,

War, than now that he was alarmed with the Prospect of suffering very severely for indulging the softer Passion.

This Event made a great Struggle in Lady *Dellwyn's* Mind; for she found it very difficult to determine whether she should rejoice over or lament his Lordship's Departure. That he was gone, she was pleased; but the Apprehension lest it should be thought that her Charms were not powerful enough to hold him, was full Cause enough of Sorrow.

The Poets never gave more Eyes to *Argus*, or more Hands to *Briareus*, than Nature hath given Fears, and consequently Desires, to Vanity, whose Commands are as numerous as they are contradictory. The poor Country-Girl, who is just advanced to the Honour of being admitted an Attendant at the fine Lady's Toilette, when she in one and the same Instant receives a Multiplication of various and opposite Commands,

Commands, is not more perplexed to discover her Lady's Mind, than the same fine Lady is to penetrate the Meaning of all the arbitrary Laws imposed on her by the Tyrant she chuses to serve, whilst she is raving for Liberty and Freedom from every reasonable Restraint.

Lady *Delwryn* now disliked appearing abroad to as great a Degree as ever she had delighted in it. She was so changed, that she rejoiced in every Instance of her Lord's Good-humour or Complacency towards her; and sometimes even hoped, that, by a constant and assiduous Endeavour to please him, she might in Time prevail on him to alter his Resolution. But this was impracticable, whilst Capt. *Drummond* continued to be his Shadow. Besides, altho' it was not impossible to have induced Lord *Delwryn* to have forgiven her Intimacy with Lord *Clermont*; yet she had been guilty of another Crime, which had made a stronger Impression on his Memory, and appeared.

peared more heinous in his Sight ; for Lady *Dellwyn*, in her Fits of Vivacity, whilst she talked at her Lord, had sometimes treated him with a Contempt, for which he was inexorable ; and gladly embraced any Opportunity of being separated from her for ever : So true is that Observation, that Contempt is generally esteemed a more unpardonable Crime than any real Injury whatsoever. Reflexion shewed her the Folly of her Conduct in this respect also in the most glaring Light ; but it was too late to be of any Advantage to her future Happiness ; and Lady *Dellwyn* was a memorable Instance of the great Imprudence a Woman is guilty of, when she fails in due Respect to her Husband. If he deserves such a Treatment, the Contempt justly returns redoubled on her own Head for consenting to be the Wife of a Man she despises. In this Sense the Folly of the Husband reflects as much Dishonour on the Wife, as her erroneous Conduct can possibly do on him ; with this additional

ditional Aggravation, that the Scorn which falls on her on that Account is always deservedly; and she may, as *Mrs. Western* says, *Comfort herself that it is her own Fault*. Neither is there the least Temptation to such a Practice, unless there is any Woman whose Intellects are so very much disordered, that she can persuade herself of so glaring an Absurdity, as to think her own Understanding is placed in the most advantageous Point of View, when that of her Husband is despised and depreciated.





CHAP. III.

The Story of Miss Cummys.

I Have somewhere read a Definition of Prudence in very near these Words:

“ Prudence is that Faculty or Power
“ of the rational Mind, which is most
“ preparatory to the seeing and obtain-
“ ing your own *true* Happiness.”

It must be confessed, that in our Pursuits and Schemes, even when we think ourselves most prudent, we are apt to direct all our Aims in such a Manner, as if we were convinced that Prudence consisted in following imaginary, instead of *true* Happiness. It would be launching into a large Field, which

which is foreign to the present Purpose, to endeavour to prove how much Mankind use Means inadequate to their Designs, and that the general Error lies in fancying that real Good is to be found where there is no such Thing.

Persons who by every Revolution in outward Circumstances are also totally changed in their Minds and Desires, seek different Sets of Acquaintance, according to the varying of their Situation; and it is amazing with what Celerity the human Eye penetrates the Characters which are best adapted for the present Pleasure. One Sort of Acquaintance are necessary to them when they roll aloft in the Sphere of Prosperity, and another when they are cast down into the lower State of Adversity. Indeed those who are only suited, like Butterflies, to bask in the Sunshine of the former State, are generally so conscious of the Narrowness of their own Talents, that from the very same Persons, for whose Notice they have strove.

strove with Emulation, whilst they fancied they could by that means obtain a kind of second-hand Honour, they fly precipitately at the Approach of the least Calamity, knowing that Compassion they have none to spare, their whole Stock being confined at home; and what they abound most in, namely, Flattery and Servility, they judge it unnecessary to employ on the Wretched. Well says the Poet,

*Hope, thou pleasant, honest Flatterer; for
none
Flatter the Unhappy, but thou alone.*

On the other hand, those Persons whose Delight in the Intercourse with Mankind arises from the Communication of Affections, find neither Employment or Pleasure in the Conversation of their old Friends, when by their outward Form only they can possibly distinguish them, and when they are turned so giddy with some accidental Elevation, that it might be properly said they have
lost

lost their Senses. The Followers of Prosperity *only* have been so numerous, and so conspicuous, that they have been recorded by various Authors throughout all Ages. They have found a Place amidst historical Prose, and Poets have celebrated them in harmonious Verse. The faithful Followers of Adversity too have had their Memory preserved by judicious Writers. Of which there are many Instances. *Virgil* could no more forget *Achates* than he could *Æneas*. The Station of the Hero preserved the Memory of his Friend: But in common Life the Followers of Adversity *only*, generally pass through Life in too great Obscurity to leave any Traces of themselves behind them. And yet, altho' not very common, there are Characters who will submit to all the Infirmities that can possibly attend on Distress, and yet will not bear the least Insolence from Grandeur and Exaltation; who would rejoice to see their Friends in Possession of every Good, provided they are endued with Strength
of

of Mind enough to preserve their Steadiness; yet chuse rather to accompany them in a State of Distress and Humiliation in outward Circumstances, than to see them meanly metamorphosed into irrational Creatures by any accidental Exaltation.

Miss *Cummyns*, who made a small Appearance in the former Part of this History, as having incurred Lady *Dellwyn's* Displeasure, and lost the Honour of her Notice on her first Arrival at her Lord's Castle, for want of a proper Proportion of Servility to bestow on her Ladyship's new Dignity, was now at *Bristol*; and Lady *Dellwyn's* present disconsolate Situation rendering Comfort and Compassion more necessary to her than fawning Flattery, she endeavoured again to cultivate her old Acquaintance with Miss *Cummyns*. There is something in a proper Spirit, unmixed with any Degree of Haughtiness, which forcibly gains the Esteem, even whilst it piques the Pride, of the Insolent. And
Lady

Lady *Dellwyn* now, when Mortification had restored to her the Power to reflect, found how much more worthily she thought of Miss *Cummyns*, than of any abject Fatterer her high Station had ever gained her.

Miss *Cummyns*, altho' not unacquainted with Lady *Dellwyn's* Crimes, was so charitable as not to decline her Advances, especially as she was now separated from Lord *Clermont*; for she would not have renewed Acquaintance with her Ladyship whilst she continued her Converse with that young Nobleman.

Miss *Cummyns* was some few Years older than Lady *Dellwyn*, and her Character established on so exact a Behaviour throughout Life, that she did not burden herself with any unnecessary Terrors, that her conversing with Lady *Dellwyn* could cast any Blemish on her spotless Reputation. She chose not to draw on herself the Curse denounced

nounced by the Royal Psalmist on the Unrighteous, of *being afraid where no Fear is.* She was satisfied in the Consciousness that her Design was good, which was no other than, if possible, to make Lady *Dellwyn* recollect herself, and view the Errors of her Conduct, from some better Principles than such as were dictated by disappointed Pride; which, tho' greatly mortifying, never lead to any Amendment.

Lady *Dellwyn*, who, from the Time that she was thoroughly infected with Vanity, had esteemed Grandeur as a necessary Ingredient of Life, making a nice Distinction between that and bare Existence, was astonished to find that Miss *Cummyns* (to whom she knew a very small Share of worldly Goods had fallen) yet preserved the Placidness of her Countenance, and the Tranquillity of her Mind; insomuch that she could not help expressing a Curiosity on that account. To which Miss *Cummyns* replied,

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I

“ I will

“ I will willingly tell your Lady-
“ ship all the Means I make use of to
“ preserve myself from sinking under
“ the Weight of any Misfortunes. I
“ have no Nostrum for that Purpose,
“ but what all Mankind may know
“ and practise if they please. I loved
“ Retirement and Solitude.”

And now the Door opened, and admitted Lady *Fanny Cblegen*. As soon as the usual Compliments were passed, and her Ladyship seated, a profound Silence followed ; which is usually the Case when any particular Conversation is interrupted by the Arrival of a third Person. But Lady *Fanny* politely desiring that her Coming might not put a Stop to the Conversation which was commenced before she entered, and Lady *Dellwyn* having informed her on what Subject they were conversing, Miss *Cummyns*, by the united Desire of both the Ladies, proceeded.

“ I do

“ I do not mean that I had no Taste
“ for the Pleasures of Society ; for, on
“ the contrary, I placed all human
“ Delight in a mutual Communica-
“ tion of Affections ; and all Conver-
“ sation, however diversified by Wit
“ and Humour, soon grew insipid to
“ me, unless the Heart also became
“ Partaker of the Enjoyment. Where-
“ ever I found the Love of Ridicule
“ was uppermost, I considered the
“ most extraordinary Talents but as so
“ many Instruments of Mischief ; but
“ when I perceived that pernicious
“ Quality in great abundance shedding
“ forth its Venom from such Persons
“ as had only the Affectation of Wit
“ and Humour (which indeed is
“ much oftener the Case), it then be-
“ came loathsome and abominable.”

Lady *Fanny Chlegen* sat in such a
Manner, that she had only a Side-
Glance of Miss *Cummyns*. Contempt
arose, and bustled in her Bosom at
every Word Miss *Cummyns* uttered ;

but it overflowed in such abundance at her last Expression, that her Ladyship suddenly turned fully towards her, and displayed a broad Sneer on her Countenance. Lady *Dellwyn*, who had never attained to any great Perfection this way, was now so out of Humour with all Jestings whatever, being apprehensive that she herself might become the Object of it, that she was half-inclined to assent to Miss *Cummyns's* Sentiments; who, without the least Notice of Lady *Fanny's* expressive Motions, thus proceeded:

“ In short, my whole Delight was
“ in Friendship; but then that must
“ be founded on the Goodness of the
“ Heart, and the Regulation of the
“ Mind of its Object; and not on
“ Flights of Fancy, or a Capacity to
“ throw forth a Variety of droll Whims
“ of the Imagination.

“ I was bred up with Two Cousins,
“ with whom my Disposition to Friend-
“ ship

“ ship was fully gratified. They were
“ ever chearfully merry, innocently
“ witty, and so calmly religious, with-
“ out mixing any Flights of Fancy
“ with their lively Expressions of Piety;
“ that in them I found a continual
“ Source of Entertainment. We had
“ but one Misfortune, and that was
“ Poverty,” [*Here Lady Fanny’s Upper-*
“ *lip began to contract itself.*]; “ but that
“ we supported with Chearfulness. The
“ common Necessaries of Life consti-
“ tuted the Height of our Desires; nor
“ did we want Arguments to convince
“ us how very inadequate every out-
“ ward Appearance, or gaudy Shew,
“ is for the obtaining any solid Satisfac-
“ tion; for most of those Pursuits,
“ which are generally followed with
“ Earnestness and Anxiety, presented
“ themselves at first View in so very
“ trifling a Light, that we judged them
“ not worthy our Consideration. Nor
“ did we think it the least beneath us
“ to undertake any decent Employ-
“ ment to support ourselves; but a
“ I 3 “ Combination

“ Combination of odd Circumstances;
 “ wavering Prospects, and want of
 “ current Coin to give the first Mo-
 “ tion to any Scheme, prevented us.
 “ The Joy we took to lighten this Bur-
 “ den to each other, and the Confi-
 “ dence we placed in the Protection of
 “ Providence, preserved us from re-
 “ pining. We were never grieved at
 “ receiving an Obligation” — *Receive*
an Obligation! repeated both the La-
 dies at one Instant, lifting up their
 Hands, as in Astonishment; — “ but;
 “ on the contrary, Gratitude was to
 “ us a pleasing Sensation. Want of
 “ Generosity only can render it pain-
 “ ful. Such who have it, will not
 “ envy to others the Power of oblige-
 “ ing; but will accept an Obligation
 “ with Pleasure, knowing that those
 “ who have conferred it enjoy still a
 “ greater Delight; and feel the Blef-
 “ sedness of giving so much beyond
 “ that of receiving, that they are only
 “ uneasy to think so far a happier Lot
 “ should fall to their own Share.

“ A truly

“ A truly generous Person esteems
“ the Gratitude of those who are ob-
“ liged, as a great Reward for what
“ they have done; not as the Price of
“ the Favour, but in knowing the
“ Person obliged is not unworthy their
“ Regard. On the other hand, the
“ truly grateful Heart doth not even
“ wish to quit.

“ *The Debt immense of endless Gratitude;*
“ but enjoys the inward Satisfaction of
“ knowing,

— “ *that a grateful Mind,*

“ *By owing, owes not; but still pays, at*
“ *once*

“ *Indebted and discharged.* MILTON.

“ I allow that many may give who
“ are not generous. A bountiful Hand
“ may sometimes belong to a Heart
“ which thinks itself so highly meri-
“ torious in what it bestows, that the
“ Obligation can never be sufficiently
“ acknowledged.

"acknowledged. I look upon such
 "Persons as no less mercenary than
 "those whose Merchandise is Slaves.
 "The Services of the Body are not
 "necessary to these *bountiful Bene-*
 "*factors*; but the Obsequiousness of
 "the Soul is agreeable to their Pride;
 "and they would purchase the Slavery
 "of all our Faculties at a less Price
 "than they must pay for an inanimate
 "Piece of Furniture. These Traf-
 "fickers with Obligations are, like
 "many other People in Trade, seldom
 "satisfied with their Gain, and demand
 "the Pay they expect with the most
 "rigid Exactness. But such Disposi-
 "tions are easily read, and conse-
 "quently it is not difficult to refuse
 "the Fetters they are so willing to
 "prepare for every one they can en-
 "slave.

"Nor was it less our Care to avoid
 "the Acceptance of any thing which
 "a generous Mind would part with,
 "when their Circumstances would
 "not

“not allow of such Instances of Good-
“nature, as they were incited to by the
“Warmth of their friendly Hearts.”

Here Miss *Cummyns* was interrupted by a sudden Motion of Lady *Fanny Chlegen*, which disturbed a little favourite Lap-dog, which lay asleep in her Ladyship's Lap, and was some time before it could be persuaded to be silent again; when she proceeded, as shall be seen in the next Chapter.





CHAP. IV.

*The Continuation of the History of
Miss Cummys.*

“ **I**F rightly considered, every State;
 “ every Situation in Life, hath
 “ some Advantages : Nor is even Po-
 “ verty absolutely excluded from all
 “ Share of Comfort. We cannot look
 “ around us without beholding how
 “ many Contrivances the Rich are re-
 “ duced to, in order to enhance the
 “ imaginary Value of their own Pos-
 “ sessions ; whilst to the Poor a small
 “ Scrap of Paper, which conveys a
 “ Claim even to a little Sum only, be-
 “ comes a real Blessing, and is va-
 “ luable indeed. Every common Meal,
 “ altho’ come at with Difficulty, when
 “ the Eyes of every Individual, in be-
 “ holding

“ holding the others, glitter with such
“ inexpressible Pleasure, as starts a
“ Tear to express that Joy which is
“ too big for Utterance, becomes a
“ high Gratification; and I have been
“ present at a Table covered only with
“ the plainest Food, when the Rich
“ and Mighty of the World might
“ have looked on, and secretly wished
“ they could find such Happiness in all
“ their plenteous Store.

“ *What nought can give, or can destroy,*
“ *The Soul's calm Sunshine, and the heart-*
“ *felt Joy,*
“ *Is Virtue's Prize,*
“ and cannot be bought by all the
“ *Wealth of Peru.*

“ We were often thankful, that al-
“ tho' we were poor with Poverty, yet
“ that the Disease was in outward Cir-
“ cumstances, and not inherent in our
“ Minds, for that attacks the very Vi-
“ tals of all Happiness; and to be poor

in the midst of Riches, is to be mad,
and perhaps the most wretched of all
Phrensies whatsoever.

In one fatal Year I lost both my
dear Friends. The Stroke was so
great, that it at first astonished me,
and then the most poignant Grief
followed: But here I will draw a
Veil, and not attempt describing
the piercing Anguish my whole
Heart endured at that Time. But
when the first Agonies were so far
alleviated as to give me Leave to re-
flect, I began to consider myself in
the Light of an obstinate and per-
verse Child, who is resisting its Fa-
ther's Will, and crying and sobbing
because it cannot be indulged in its
own perverse Humour. I perceived
a Selfishness in my Friendship which
I was not before aware of; for I had
always *made myself believe*, that the
Happiness of my Friends was the
principal Desire of my whole Heart;
and yet, if that was truly the Fact,
where

“ where could I find a Reason for all
“ this Grief, because they were deli-
“ vered from the Infirmities, Diseases,
“ and Distresses, of this Life, and I
“ was fully possessed of the most rea-
“ sonable Hope that they were entered
“ into a State of eternal Happiness?
“ And indeed almost all the Incidents
“ which have befallen me since their
“ Loss, have brought with them one
“ only Consolation, that my dearest
“ Friends are escaped from the Possi-
“ bility of knowing any thing of the
“ Matter; and I find I can much bet-
“ ter support Misfortunes alone, than
“ with the additional Weight of seeing
“ them suffer. I have always had one
“ pleasing Reflexion, that during their
“ Illness, which, being lingering, re-
“ quired many Supports, they were
“ supplied with every Convenience by
“ the Beneficence of a Mind, whose
“ Fortune, tho’ abundant, is yet nar-
“ row, in comparison of the enlarged
“ Benevolence of his Christian Heart;
“ who, in the midst of Affluence,
“ knows

“ knows how to feel the Distresses of
“ his Fellow-Creatures, and never suf-
“ fers his own Opulence to dazle his
“ Eyes, and make him forget to dry
“ those of the Widow and the Fa-
“ therless; who has the uncommon
“ Happiness to enjoy the utmost this
“ World can really give, in such a
“ manner as to have no Reason to be
“ alarmed with the Fears of losing it,
“ and is wise enough to lay hold of
“ the Hope of a blessed Immortality,
“ as the superior and ultimate Crown
“ of his Blessedness.

“ One of the greatest Misfortunes that
“ attends on Poverty, is the Impossibi-
“ lity of shewing Gratitude. Every
“ Expression of it in that State must
“ have a doubtful Appearance, and
“ may as well be used by Persons who
“ know not what it is, as by those
“ who are sensible of it in the highest
“ Degree. I have often wished that
“ my Heart was open to the View of
“ the Man to whom I feel myself un-
“ der

“ der such indelible Obligations : But
“ when I consider that he could by no
“ means be benefited by it, and that
“ it is a Wish impossible to be indulged
“ in, I content myself with the Con-
“ sciousness how much I reverence
“ him, and silently enjoy the Plea-
“ sure of Gratitude.

“ Altho’ with all these Comforts,
“ and all the Reflexions I was capable
“ of, I felt so much for this unex-
“ pected Stroke of the Loss of both
“ my Friends, that I believe nothing
“ but a future Hope could have kept
“ me perfectly in my Senses. Had I
“ been born amongst the Heathens,
“ where no Revelation had given me
“ a reasonable Cause for such a joyous
“ Expectation, I know not what had
“ become of me ; for sometimes my
“ Imagination strove hard for the Vic-
“ tory, and I seemed as one lost to
“ myself. My natural Constitution
“ was weak, and the Agonies I un-
“ derwent were almost too strong to
“ be

“ be supported. I could by no means,
 “ like the ancient Philosopher, confi-
 “ sider my departed Friends in the
 “ same Light with broken Pitchers,
 “ and then flatter my Pride, that by
 “ that means I proved myself a ra-
 “ tional Creature. But when I confi-
 “ dered my Friends as immortal Be-
 “ ings, who had got the Start of me
 “ in the Race towards eternal Happi-
 “ ness, I found in that a Foundation
 “ of Comfort, which was solid and
 “ steady; and whatever I felt, I en-
 “ deavoured to submit with Humi-
 “ lity. I begged the Assistance of
 “ God’s Grace, and hope I attained
 “ it; for I can now calmly say, *The*
 “ *Lord gave, and the Lord taketh*
 “ *away; blessed be the Name of the*
 “ *Lord.*

“ We are all as little Children in
 “ the Hands of God Almighty; and
 “ when I look on myself as a Child
 “ that has been corrected, I gain great
 “ Comfort by the Consideration, that
 “ it

“ it is good for me to have been afflicted.”

From the Moment Miss *Cummyns* had uttered the Word *Grace**, Lady *Fanny* began to sneer; till at last she was so filled with the Pleasantry of her own Ideas, that she could not forbear laughing so visibly, that Miss *Cummyns* perceived it, and with a steady and calm Aspect said,

“ I beg Leave, Lady *Fanny*, to relate a short Story, which I met with in a Book of Travels. There is a Place behind a Ridge of Mountains, which separate one Part of *Piedmont* from the other, where all the Natives have a Wen growing on one

* It is observable, that amongst all the various Methods Mankind have taken to worship their Creator, even in the obscurest Times, the Language appropriated to what they esteemed sacred, was held in Reverence. Christians only have discovered that the very technical Term of their Religion is well adapted for their Scoff and Derision.

“ Side

“ Side of their Cheeks; and if a Stran-
 “ ger appears amongst them with
 “ smooth Cheeks, where there is no
 “ Swelling to be seen, the Inhabitants
 “ set up a loud Laugh at him; esteem-
 “ ing such a Deficiency full Cause
 “ enough to mark a human Creature
 “ as an Object of Scorn.”

Lady *Fanny's* Mirth was now turned into Indignation. She arose, dropped a small Curtsey to Miss *Cummyns*, and that with an Air as if she thought it too great a Condescension; took her Leave politely of Lady *Delwryn*; and muttered forth all the Way she went the Words Methodist, Enthusiast, &c. &c. But altho' her Ladyship chose not to give Miss *Cummyns* any Answer, yet in her Absence she enjoyed the full Pleasure of entertaining her Acquaintance with the Relation of what a ridiculous Creature she had met with that Morning.

Lady

Lady *Dellwyn* wept at the Reflexion, that Miss *Cummyns* could thus preserve her Tranquility through such Scenes of Distress and Grief, whilst she had rendered herself so miserable. The essential Difference was between Innocence and Guilt; a Mind enjoying the Fruits of good Principles, and a Mind confounded with its own vain Devices, and raving in the Search of imaginary Happiness, which resembles a Dream, wherein the Fancy is busily employed, but can never bring about its own Purposes. Miss *Cummyns* was glad to see Lady *Dellwyn* weep; but soon discovered that her Tears indicated more of Passion for her own Disappointments than of true Compunction. She was to go the next Day from *Bristol*; but delayed her Journey one Week, on purpose to endeavour to persuade Lady *Dellwyn* into a right Reflection on her own Conduct; but finding it utterly impossible to calm her Mind, she had the Mortification of leaving her still the Shuttlecock of Vanity.

C H A P.



CHAP. V.

Another Device of Capt. Drumond.

LORD Dellwyn had now for some time admitted Capt. Drumond to such a Degree of Intimacy, that in their frequent Conversations he became Master of every Transaction of his Lordship's Life; for as they were both heartily engaged in the Scheme of the Divorce, tho' for very different Reasons, they were almost continually together. Lord Dellwyn could meet with no other Person who would be confined to hear a continual Repetition of what concerned only himself. And the Captain was always his ready Companion; and strove as much as possible to keep all other Company from him, lest he should accidentally meet with any Person

son who might endeavour to employ all the good Offices in their Power to incline him to forgive his Lady, on the Condition of her promising to live retired at his Castle, and expect to make no more Excursions into the World.

This was an unnecessary Care of the Captain; for Lord *Dellwyn* was full as earnestly determined on the Separation from his Lady as he could possibly wish: But it was his Nature, like *Macbeth*, to
make Assurance doubly sure.

And if he was at any time disappointed in his Schemes, he could not accuse himself of not having broke many Hours Rest in revolving and considering of every necessary Caution. His busy Thoughts, and various Stratagems, robbed him of his Sleep, or so perplexed him in his Dreams, that he received not half the Refreshment from

The

The Death of each Day's Life, sore Labour's Bath,

Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's Second Course,

Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast,

as other Men, who lead a Life of Simplicity; and this he called acting the Part of a wise Man. Oh, Cunning! thou real Weakness of the human Understanding! thou Companion of Ideots and Madmen! thou buffoon Mimic of essential Wisdom! of what Avail are all thy perplexed Devices?

Amongst other Things with which Lord *Dellwyn* had acquainted the Captain, he also told him the Manner in which he had engaged Miss *Lucum* to marry him, by alarming her with the Fear of Lady *Fanny Fashion's* being his Countess. This was by small Hints dropped out at different Times accidentally, in such a manner that his Lordship knew not himself that he had thoroughly

thoroughly informed him of the Pains he had taken to obtain Miss *Lucum's* Consent. But the Captain was well versed in the Art of collecting from such Hints the whole Story, and was assiduous to send it to Lady *Fanny's* Ears, who till that Time was never acquainted with all the Particulars.

Lady *Fanny* had always received Lord *Dellwyn's* Notice with Politeness; and sometimes had flattered herself that his Lordship might at length open his Eyes, and distinguish her superior Charms; which caused her to heighten her Professions of Friendship to Miss *Lucum*, that when it was his Lordship's Humour to be most particular in his Notice of her *Friend*, she might not be excluded the Party. But as her Ladyship had at the same time many other Prospects of the same Kind, many other Gentlemen, whose Fortune and Rank would have been agreeable to her, and whose Addresses, as far as Gallantry goes, she had entertained,

her

her Desires, like a divided Stream, flowed less violently than if they had been confined to one Channel; and therefore could the more easily bear her *Friend's* becoming Countess of *Dellwyn*.

But Lady *Fanny* never suspected the Use she had been made of in that Transaction; which no sooner came to her Knowledge, than it piqued her Pride, and roused her Indignation; the Two Passions of her Mind which were ever most ready to advance into the foremost Place of her Bosom. Yet she was not in the least moved to Resentment against Lord *Dellwyn*; but all her Anger fell with redoubled Force on his Lady.

This was perfectly agreeable to Capt. *Drumond's* Wishes. He knew the Haughtiness of Lady *Fanny's* Temper could contrive many Methods of mortifying Lady *Dellwyn* in her present disagreeable Situation.

Tho' the Captain had no particular View in irritating Lady *Fanny* against Lady *Dellwyn*; yet it was one of the principal Wheels in the great Machinery of his Cunning, to contrive Methods of depreciating every Person to whom he had exposed his own real Character, and to give all their Acquaintance such an ill Opinion of them, as he imagined might invalidate their Testimony, should any ill Usage provoke them to lay open the Baseness of his Heart. Besides, in this Case, his implacable Revenge against Lady *Dellwyn* was in some measure gratified by it; and he had seen enough of Lady *Fanny* to perceive very plainly that her Passions were too violent, and too much accustomed to be uncontrouled, to suffer her to retain a tolerable Opinion of any Person with whom she even imagined that she had any Reason to be offended. To preserve Candour, and keep the Mind unprejudiced, against even a fancied Offender against *Self*, belongs to such Minds as are quite otherwise

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regulated than was her Ladyship's: Neither was the Captain ignorant that she was possessed of full Wit enough to be satirical whenever it was her Inclination; and Lady *Dellwyn* had given sufficient Foundation for the Mixture of disadvantageous Fact with Satire, to make it acceptable to the Ill-natured.

Lady *Fanny* now contrived every Method of making it more disagreeable than ever to Lady *Dellwyn* to appear in Public. Her very Looks and Gestures indicated Contempt; which she was also careful should be visible to all that were present, mixed with an uncommon Indignation; tho' for the latter Lady *Dellwyn* was not conscious of any fresh Cause; for the Captain played his Part behind the Curtain, and never appeared; which is the general Practice of Underminers in Mischief.

Her Ladyship was perfectly Mistress of the Art of conveying her Ideas without

without Words, and perfectly agreed with *Volumnia* in *Shakespeare's Coriolanus*, that

— in such Business

Action is Eloquence, and the Eyes of
th' Ignorant

More learned than the Ears.

By these means Lady *Dellwyn* was perfectly comfortless both abroad and at home. However, she thought the latter exposed her to the fewest Mortifications; for she was now permitted to retire to her own Apartment as much as she pleased, without the least Danger of Interruptions from her Lord, who no longer placed any Delight in her Presence.

When Lady *Dellwyn* had thus in a manner voluntarily confined herself to her own Apartment, she had sufficient Leisure to reflect; and the more she considered, the more Cause she perceived to despair of any future Com-

fort. But amongst the various Perplexities which laboured in her Mind, at last a small Glimmering of Hope began to flatter her that this manner of Life might possibly be a Proof to her Lord that she was weary of her Follies, and induce him to relent, compassionate, and forgive her. She several times endeavoured to find him unaccompanied by Capt. *Drumond*; but such Endeavours were fruitless. He was as constant an Attendant as his Shadow. She feared, that if she sent a Message to his Lordship to desire the Favour of speaking with him alone, the Captain would employ all his Arts, if he suffered him to come at all, that it should be with a full Resolution against complying with her Request.

At last, after revolving many Methods repeatedly in her Thoughts, Lady *Dellwyn* determined to write to her Lord; by which means she fancied she could explain herself more fully than in the Confusion of talking

on

on such a Subject; especially to the very Man she had injured by her Crime in the tenderest Point, and consequently in whose Presence she must necessarily feel the greatest Shame. She wrote the most submissive, pathetic Letter she could pen, beseeching her Lord's Forgiveness in the humblest Terms; made the most solemn Promises that she would retire to his Castle, and pass the Remainder of her Life in any manner his Lordship would please to command; and concluded with conjuring him to have Compassion on her, in the most moving Expressions she could possibly think on. And indeed her Heart was so much set on the Success of this Letter, that she was at no great Difficulty to find Words which might (if any thing could) conduce to that Purpose.

This Letter she sent with the greatest Anxiety. But herein her Ladyship laboured under a small Mistake; for she could not believe that a Man who had

been once so fond of her as Lord *Dellwyn* was, could so totally have obliterated that Fondness, but that some little Sparks of remaining Kindness might still induce him to relent on such humble Submissions. Whereas, however Lord *Dellwyn* might have been prevailed on, had she been right in her Conjecture, he was so far from retaining any Degree of his former Affection, that he was greatly pleased at the Discovery of her Amour with Lord *Glermont*, as it gave him an Opportunity of being separated from her for ever: Therefore all her Intreaties met with the strongest Opposition from his Inclinations, and wanted not the Assistance (which yet he had in abundance) of Capt. *Drumond's* Devices to render them fruitless.

Indeed those strong Promises, which Lady *Dellwyn* was so lavish in making, seemed to be only with the View of flying from Infamy, in the same manner as King *Lear* says,

Thou'dst

*Thou'dst shun a Bear ;
But if thy Flight lay toward the roaring
Sea,
Thou'dst meet the Bear i' th' Mouth.*

And in all Probability her Ladyship would not have long endured Confinement to her Lord's Castle, before she would have been ready to have exchanged it again for any other Misfortune. But Lord Dellwyn did not put her to the Trial of her Steadiness in that respect ; and this was the last Effort she attempted to regain her Lord, but was forced to submit to his Determination ; tho' it could not be said with any Propriety that she did so with Content ; but, on the contrary, with the utmost Reluctance and Impatience of Spirit.

Induced those strong Promises, which Lady Dellwyn was so lavish in making, seemed to be only with the View of
K. 4 CHAP.
not as King Lear says

A Fancy now came into Lord Dell's
 wife's Mind, which was by no means



nations; for his Lordship had no Heir
 that is no Child of his own, to inherit

his Title. **CH A P. VI.**

A Divorce.

meant that he was to leave any
 thing to himself as worldly Goods

LORD *Dellroyn* now, instead of
 carrying his Lady to his own
 Seat, which she had before so much
 dreaded, carried her to *London*; the
 Place in the World to which she would
 have rejoiced to have gone, had her
 Lord's Journey thither been for any
 other Purpose than that of attending
 the Event of his Cause for a public Se-
 paration. But such is the Vicissitude
 of human Minds, as well as human
 Affairs, that even the hateful Country
 would now have been less terrible to
 her Apprehension than the gay Metro-
 polis; and she would have thought the
 former much the most eligible Choice.

could be managing them that Cap.

Diamond R. 2

A Fancy

A Fancy now came into Lord *Dellwyn's* Mind, which was by no means conformable to Capt. *Drumond's* Inclinations; for his Lordship had no Heir, that is, no Child of his *own*, to inherit his Title and Fortune. He had Two Brothers indeed; but it was by no means satisfactory to him to leave any thing so valuable as worldly Goods and Honours, to any other Person but such as was so immediately derived from him, that he could contrive to flatter himself he was in a manner to enjoy them in Futurity. He therefore was not contented merely to be separated from his Lady; but would be divorced from her by the House of Lords, that he might be enabled to marry again; not in the least doubting but that some other young Lady would gladly accept the Honour of being his Countess.

The famous Genius before mentioned, who invented the Art of nursing Estates, found not half the Difficulty in managing them, that Capt.

Drumond did in the directing his Nur-
 fery. Lord *Dellwyn* was something
 more froward and self-willed than
 the Land, and would not always be
 controuled.

Capt. *Drumond* was now seized with
 such a violent Fit of Compassion for
 the Lady, that altho' he had been very
 earnest to have her name exposed, and
 her Reputation blasted in one Court of
 Justice; yet he chose it should be be-
 fore the fewest Witnesses; and displayed
 all his Eloquence to prevent its coming
 into the House of Lords. But it was
 perfectly in vain; for in this Point my
 Lord baffled his utmost Endeavours;
 and, after several Efforts to no manner
 of Purpose, he was at last reduced to
 the Necessity of submitting to his Lord-
 ship's resolute Determination, tho' he
 plainly perceived, that if Lord *Dell-
 wyn* should marry again, all his Schemes
 were in much more Danger of being
 frustrated, than if he had continued to
 live on with his present Lady, against
 whom

whom he was too full of Indignation to suffer her to obtain any great Influence over his Actions.

It could not possibly afford any Entertainment, but, on the contrary, must be very tedious, to the Reader, to dwell on the Particulars relating to Lord *Dellwyn's* Divorce. It is sufficient to inform him, that his Lordship obtained it in the manner he desired, and was at full Liberty to bestow himself and Title on whomsoever best pleased his Fancy.

Now the gay Vision of dazzling Jewels, Grandeur, Magnificence, &c. which had danced before Lady *Dellwyn's* Eyes at the Ceremony of her being made a Countess, passed thro' the Ivory Gate mentioned by *Virgil*, and was for ever buried in Oblivion.

live on with his present Lady, against whom
were in much more Danger of being
frustrated, than if he had continued to
live on with his present Lady, against whom
were in much more Danger of being
frustrated, than if he had continued to
live on with his present Lady, against whom



C H A P. VII.

*Solitude chosen for her present Purpose
by Lady Dellwyn.*

RETIREMENT seemed to offer Lady *Dellwyn* little Peace; yet at first View it appeared almost the only Situation to which she could fly, and indeed to which she was almost necessarily reduced. Covered with Shame, and oppressed with Guilt, she knew not how to appear in the World. Her Conduct was not equivocal; she could not hope to impose Assurance (even if she had been Mistress of the largest Portion of it) on the least Suspicious, for Innocence. Every Newspaper contained an Advertisement of the Process in which she had so large a Share;

Share ; every Tongue repeated the Evidence against her.

But tho' depressed by Shame and Infamy, her first and last Seducer, Vanity, still kept her Throne. Tho' now the Badges of her Royalty resembled more those of the Furies ; she was armed with Whips and Stings ; Serpents and Scorpions seemed the Instruments with which she inflicted the cruelest Pains on Lady *Dellwyn's* Heart. To be thrown from the highest Admiration to the lowest Degree of Contempt, was a Transition much more afflicting to her than the Fall from Innocence to Guilt. Repentance, from a just Sense of the Crime committed, gives an Humility which renders the Grief less turbulent, and makes way for the Rise of some comfortable Considerations, even from suffering the Punishment which naturally follows the Indulgence of violent Passions ; amongst which Vanity must ever hold one of the uppermost Seats, in the Eyes of every Person

son who hath ever reflected on Man-
kind and their Manners.

I do repent me, as it is an Evil,

*And take the Shame with Joy ; **

are the expressive Words *Shakespeare* puts into the Mouth of the penitent *Juliet*. But Lady *Dellwyn's* Vanity was too predominant to suffer her to feel any thing but Rage and Despair. She revolved in her Mind various unsatisfactory Schemes ; till at last she imagined that she had found one Method by which she might flatter herself that it was yet possible to regain some degree of Reputation.

She had heard, that, in a neighbouring Nation, one sole and fixed Attachment, when dignified with the Title of *une belle Passion*, was acquitted by general Consent from Infamy. Upon this she formed her Plan. She hired a

** Measure for Measure.*

small Cottage; she decked it with Symbols of Sorrow and Penitence. Had Lord *Clermont* been slain abroad, it is probable she would have endeavoured to obtain his Body, and lamented over it with all the Pomp of *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent*.

The Lady *Dellwyn* chose a small Cottage as most proper for the Execution of her present Plan; yet she was careful that it should be in the Neighbourhood of too many considerable Families to suffer her Conduct to be unobserved; for she could not bear even the Thoughts of total Obscurity. She scarcely suffered the Light of the Sun to enter her Apartment, and never stirred out of her House but in the Face of the all-conscious Moon. She seemed ever bewailing the fatal Effects of a too tender Passion, and declared her Determination to pass all the Remainder of her Days in Penitence and Prayers for her great Offence.

A Mind and Conscience so ill at Ease could not but make Lady *Dellwyn* suffer very greatly in the Execution of this Plan: But as she could not endure with any degree of Patience either Obscurity or Infamy, she was enabled to support herself, by believing that this uncommon Conduct would obtain as much Approbation, as the former Part of her Behaviour had incurred Censure.

It is amazing what painful Labours Vanity will enable her Votaries to struggle through, whilst the Imagination is buoyed up by the Hopes of being gratified in any favourite Pursuit; and when Lady *Dellwyn* was oppressed, and near sunk, with the most melancholy Reflexions, she had Recourse, as to a Cordial, to the Opinions she thought the World must now necessarily express concerning her; she could fancy them signing her *Quietus* in the Words *Calista* supposes her Father to use. Indeed her Penitence so nearly resembled

resembled that of *Calista*, that her Mind was naturally filled with the same kind of Meditations; only, to bring on the tragic Catastrophe, the Poet was under a Necessity to force *Calista* to think and talk more of Death.

Lady *Dellwyn* now supposed the World wondering at her Love and Penitence; and from them attributing to her a great Share of Virtue; tho', by Excess of *une belle Passion*, she had a little deviated from the thorny Way. But she soon began to adopt the Expression of *Rosalind* in as *You like it*, and to think it much properer to say, the *lazy Foot of Time*, than the *swift Foot of Time*, according to the common Method; for she grew very impatient to know when the World would think she had expiated her Crime, and washed away her Shame, by Repentance; when, to her utmost Mortification, she received a Letter from a Man of considerable Fashion, who lived much in the polite World, and sup-

posing

posing her sufficiently humbled to accept of moderate Terms, he sent her the Offer of a Settlement, plainly expressing a Supposition that Poverty was the Occasion of her Retirement.

As Vanity was the only Vice that had ever actuated Lady Dellwyn's Mind, she felt something that bore a near Resemblance to the Indignation of Virtue itself at this insolent Proposal; but yet, as is customary, was so partial to Self, that she was blind to the just Cause she had given to suspect her of being frail enough to accept it. But what most mortified her, was to perceive that she had not imposed on the World a Belief of either a *belle Passion*, or true Penitence. She answered the Gentleman's Letter with the utmost Indignation; informing him, that he was much deceived in thinking her Fortune so low, for it was sufficient to afford her every Enjoyment of Life; and that she had fled from a cruel World, only to avoid Insults; but her Solitude was now become

come odious, by his having convinced her that they could reach her even there.

Lady *Dellwyn's* Answer administered some Disappointment, but no Shame or Concern, to the Gentleman. No Man, I believe, is so insensible or void of Humanity, as not to be shocked when he finds he hath given Offence to a Woman truly virtuous, by presuming on her Distress of Circumstances; but when one of known Frailty assumes the Language of Virtue, it only renders her more despised. The Pride of the Person is in some measure hurt, by an Apprehension that he is intended to be imposed on; and the Woman, who perhaps he before thought only frail, he now esteems impudent.

Altho' to be careless of Reputation, and despise the Censure of the World, is an undoubted Error, and the Appearance, as well as the Practice of Vice to be earnestly avoided, yet happy is
the

the Mind whose conscious Innocence can bear up against the sharp Tooth of Slander; and there was nothing that Lady *Dellwyn* would not now have exchanged to have been in such a Situation. She was now convinced she had thrown away a great deal of Mortification on an ungrateful World, who made no account of all she had done, and all she had suffered, to please it; in reality as much as would have answered a much better Purpose; a Reflexion which seems almost impossible to escape her: But yet she so contrived it, that this Disappointment had no other Effect on her, than to make her resolve no longer to punish herself, by acting a Part so contrary to her Inclinations, in which she was an awkward Mimic of what she had no settled Notion.

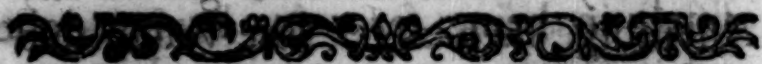
But when Lady *Dellwyn* had taken this general Resolution, she was utterly at a Loss what Course to take, in order to get into the World, which might
be

be rendered still more difficult by her having left it; and if Repentance consisted in being sorry for having done whatever brings a worldly Inconvenience with it, she was always in that State; and now repented of her Solitude, as it had involved her in yet more Perplexities. One fixed Determination seemed to be the only Result of her considering on her present Situation, which was to kill

*Those Foes to Beaux and Fair-ones, Time
and Thought.*

But out of the various Ways of murdering them (which are more numerous than ever Tyrant invented for his wretched Subjects) which to make use of, she was quite at a loss. She had Modesty enough to be afraid to expose herself to those who had known her in her Days of Innocence, or when Suspicion only hovered over her like a Cloud, which gave Offence to very few.

C H A P.



C H A P. VIII.

A sudden Transition from Solitude to the Love of Rambling.

IN this Dilemma, Lady Dellwyn thought a Tour to Paris might prove the most advisable Step. Summer was near approaching; London would be a Solitude to her; all Persons of Fashion would leave it; a retired Place, now the Scheme was over of imposing on the World by it, would be a dreary Desert to her; and the Whispers that instantly spread round a Room at any of the Summer Places of Resort, upon the Appearance of every new Person, she was sensible would be more dreadful to her, however gentle its Murmur, than the loudest Clap of Thunder. The delightful Sounds she had

had overheard spreading through a Company the Moment she graced any Assembly, such as, "The young and charming Countess of *Dellwyn*, whom her Lord married for her Beauty," she was certain she should now hear no more; but, in their Place, the Words *Divorce*, *Lord Clermont*, and many others equally displeasing to her Ears, would most probably be the Result of her Appearance; and all the Lenity the Compassionate could shew might be expressed in these Two Words, 'Tis *Pity*.

This sudden Thought was confirmed by Consideration. She hoped to find Amusement from Novelty, and at least, by a Variety of Objects, to enjoy the Pleasure of dear Dissipation; and that her Charms might at *Paris* be spoken of without being accompanied with any Insinuations of her past Misconduct. Besides, she could not doubt but she should find a much better Reception at her Return to *England*, for coming

coming from a Place which, like *Venus's* Cestus, gives a Charm to every thing with which it is in any manner connected.

Lady *Dellwyn* was no sooner entirely fixed in this Resolution, than she began to prepare for the Execution of it with great Speed. The World was all before her, and she had no other Person's Consent but her own to consult. A Companion was necessary; and this in her Situation seemed most difficult. She found her own Infamy so great a Burden, that she would not have that of another to bear; and yet what Woman of Character would become a sort of Dependent on her Ladyship? All her Vanity could not blind her so much, but that she perceived this was not easy to find; another of the happy Consequences of her bewildered Infatuations! At last she recollected one, who had indeed a tolerable Reputation, but who held it on such precarious Terms, that

that she imagined she should not meet with a Repulse from her.

The Person to whom her Ladyship intended the Honour of being her Companion, was Miss *Weare*, a young Girl well born, with a Person agreeable, tho' not handsome, genteel in her Behaviour, and with Sense enough to render her Conversation pleasing, as she had acquired Politeness and Ease of Manners, by living a good deal in the World.

This young Person had been left at her Parents Death (both of whom she lost before she was Twenty-two Years old) with too small a Fortune to support her with any tolerable Convenience, much less like a Gentlewoman: But she had taken too strong an Attachment for genteel Life to endure the Thoughts of quitting it for a servile State; and therefore determined to spend the little she possessed in the same Rank she had hitherto held. She

flattered herself she might marry well before it was all expended; and if not, thought she should not be much more unhappy in Servitude without a few Hundred Pounds than with them.

As the World was pretty well acquainted with Miss *Weare's* Circumstances, her living so far above what her Fortune could with any degree of Prudence admit, inclined them to suspect, that either she had some private Assistance, or that she would not be backward to accept any. Curiosity found great Employment in the Neighbourhood where she lived, in making Inquiries concerning her; and several Heads were often puzzled with deep Consultations about her. Tho' nothing was spoke out in plain Terms, yet much was signified by Shrugs, Gestures, and Innuendo's.

Thus Miss *Weare's* Reputation was equivocal; tho' her Conduct, as far as the Public could judge, was perfectly
decent.

decent. And indeed she was entirely free from what she had given such apparent Cause to imagine; as many Gentlemen found, who had been encouraged by all these favourable Circumstances to propose Settlements to her. But this was a Secret between them and her. They did not chuse to confess they had made Offers which were not accepted; and she had too much Sense to think such Refusals did her Honour. Well she knew the World would judge,

He comes too far, who comes to be deny'd.

Most People would only have thought the Gentlemen too early or too sudden in their Application; for they would have believed, that a Woman whose Vanity could lead her into such sort of Imprudence, would be induced by it into others, when no other Alternative should be left her than that and Servitude.

This young Woman Lady *Dellwyn* rightly judged would gladly accept her Invitation to accompany her in so pleasurable a Scheme; and accordingly her Ladyship's Letter, which contained such a Proposal, was received with great Joy. Miss *Weare* was far gone in her last Hundred Pounds, and no nearer being married than when she began upon the First. Her Conduct could not recommend her to a worthy Man; and, if any other liked her, they hoped to obtain her on easier Terms: Therefore she was never thought on in the Light of a Wife.

Miss *Weare* was sensible that her Character would suffer by appearing with Lady *Dellwyn*. She knew that the Reputations of more Women have suffered by keeping Company with the infamous Part of their own Sex, than from any real Guilt or Imprudence with the other: But, in short, very consistently with her first setting out in the World, she chose rather the Venture

ture of blasting her Character, than the more disagreeable Alternative of relinquishing her Rank. This offered her a Prospect of living in Figure some time longer; and she flattered herself that *France* might possibly be more favourable to her Views than *England*.

Thus actuated, Miss *Weare* assured Lady *Dellwyn* of her joyful and thankful Acceptance of her Invitation; and that she would punctually wait on her Ladyship at the Time appointed.

The Hearts of both Ladies were too much engaged in this Scheme for either of them to be guilty of any Delay. They proceeded on their Journey together to *Dover*; and took their Farewel of *England*, with as many Reproaches to their poor Country, for Ingratitude to their Merits, as *Camillus*, or *Coriolanus*, or any other injured Hero, could vent against those who had unjustly banished him. The Weather favoured their Passage, and with as much

Joy they landed on the *French* Shore, as ever *Cæsar* did when flushed with the Prospect of Victory. They, as well as the *Roman* Hero, were in search of Conquests and Triumphs; and heartily saluted the Land which they imagined to be the Seat of Freedom, and every other pleasing Delight.

Our Ladies, who had no particular Call at *Paris*, nor indeed any-where else, but that of Pleasure, stopped wherever they saw any Prospect of Diversion, and were not sorry to improve their *French* before they arrived at the Metropolis. They both spoke it well; but Practice only can give that Facility of Utterance which they wished to acquire, and which is very requisite to prevent the Loss of either real or imaginary bright Thoughts, amongst a People who themselves are never at a loss for some Phrase by which they can with great Quickness express their Meaning.

By this Method the Journey took up a good deal of Time; which was not regretted by either of them, as they thought Time was a Commodity of no Consequence; and that it was well spent amongst the provincial Diversions; where Lady *Dellwyn* flattered herself, not without Reason, that she had spread the Fame of her Charms.

Miss *Weare* indeed had not the same Hopes of dazzling her Beholders. Her Victories were to be gained by slower Degrees; but she thought her Chance improved in proportion to the Numbers she saw. She esteemed every Individual as a possible Prize in her Lottery; and as she wished to prolong their Jaunt, every Delay was agreeable.

At last however they reached *Paris*, which was the ultimate End of their whole Undertaking; and brought with them a Fluency of Speech sufficient to

vent with Speed all that they could possibly imagine would recommend them to that gay Nation.

Lady *Dellwyn*, during her Journey, recovered her former Beauty, which Vexation had in some measure impaired. The Admiration she read in every Eye restored her to the Vivacity which had always heightened her Charms; and as it had never proceeded from Thought, it is not strange that Thought should not have suppressed it. What her Complexion wanted of its former Lustre, she supplied by Art; which was so general a Custom in that Country, that it is very dubious whether or no she would have resisted falling into the Practice of it, had she been at *Paris* at the Time when the Bloom of her Complexion could have been but faintly imitated by any Art whatever.

Our fair Travellers were too industrious in equipping themselves with every

every thing necessary for a splendid Appearance, to be long before they exhibited themselves in public.

Lady *Dellwyn* had been in some Doubt, whether to assume a feigned Name, or continue to use the Title which Courtesy gave her, after she had ceased to have any real Claim to it. If she took one of equal Dignity, she feared Disgrace from the Discovery of its Falsehood; if she wore that which really belonged to her, and became once more Miss *Lucum*, it was returning to her plebeian State. O what a falling-off was there! How few could endure to sink into an original Obscurity? It would be almost as bad as Annihilation; for to annihilate Rank, is almost as shocking to those who have but newly acquired it, as to annihilate their Existence; and Lady *Dellwyn* had paid too great a Price to intitle herself to be a Right Honourable, to support the Thought of such a short-lived Continuance. It is true,

by bearing her maiden Name she might avoid a great deal of the Danger of having her Actions known; for Infamy might follow Lady *Dellwyn* across wider Seas than the *English* Channel. The Breath of Rumour reaches Lengths that are astonishing.

A serious Consultation on this most important Subject was held between the Two Ladies: But it was at last agreed, that some Part of her Ladyship's History might be drowned in the Passage; and that a Countess, with half a Reputation, would meet with a more favourable Reception in the Metropolis of many Kingdoms, as well as in that of *France*, than a plain Gentlewoman, of Virtue more unblemished than *Lucretia's*. Nay, *Diana* herself, if she appeared in the World without being dignified by a Title, would run a great Hazard of being stared out of Countenance by some Demi-Rep of Quality.

This

This great Affair being decided, the Title of Lady *Dellwyn* was used as lavishly as most things are to which People have no just Claim, to the equal Satisfaction of both the Ladies; for Miss *Weare* would have thought it hard, if, while she was hazarding her Reputation, she could not have enjoyed the Pleasure of addressing herself in the Words *Your Ladyship*, and of shewing to others that she accompanied Dignity, if she was not so fortunate as to have any of her own.

The Success proved the Decision was founded on just Principles; for as Lady *Dellwyn's* first Appearance excited general Admiration, when her Rank was published, all the Respect that was due to it was shewn her; and very fortunately her Story had not reached *Paris*. She had never appeared as Lady *Dellwyn* but at her Lord's solitary Castle, and at *Bristol*. Her Divorce followed her Marriage so quickly, that there had not been In-

terval enough for her to be known out of the Kingdom wherein she lived. She passed at *Paris* for a Widow; for with Truth she gave out, that she had lost her Lord; and his own Age and Infirmities confined him within so narrow a Sphere of Action, as rendered him little talked of abroad.

La belle Angloise, and *la belle Veuve*, soon became Names as much appropriated to her as that of Countess of *Dellwyn*, and were the only ones she could hear with Pleasure substituted in its Place.

Lady *Dellwyn* was entirely of the same Opinion with *Comus*, that

Beauty is Nature's Brag, and should be shewn

At Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities, Where most may wonder at the Workmanship;

and

and therefore was very assiduous in doing her Duty, by frequenting every Place of public Amusement. But as Pleasure is the universal Profession of the Young, she and her Companion herein gave no Offence, nor yet in their Behaviour. The allowed Gaiety of the Place was all they desired ; and they rather kept within the general Bounds than exceeded them ; so that no Whisper was uttered to their Disadvantage.

Lady *Dellwyn* was the richer for the Time she had passed in her Retirement ; as, while she was mimicking Grief and Penitence, she could not possibly spend her Income without detecting herself, unless she had given it away, which happened never to occur to her Thoughts : So that she appeared in Equipage and Attendants equal to her Rank ; and few *English* who go to *Paris* are qualified to be so agreeable there, as these Ladies were rendered by their natural Vivacity, and their Knowledge in the Language. The
Ignorance

Ignorance of which must certainly be the Reason why so many of the *English* go into *France*, and return again, having only connected themselves there with *English*, as if their only Curiosity in going thither had been, to see whether there is any Difference in their own Countrymen in another Nation from what they are when at home.

These Advantages introduced the fair Travellers into the best Company, and made them acceptable even to the Ladies : Tho' the Countess eclipsed them all in Beauty ; and, having the additional Charm of Novelty, and being a Stranger, occasioned many to sigh after perfidious Lovers.

Lady *Dellwyn* was soon followed by a large Train of Admirers ; nor was Miss *Weare* entirely destitute ; tho' she appeared placed in the Rear, in order to pick up the Stragglers, and be rather the Receiver of Compliments, than

than the Person to whom they were paid as her due.

Lady *Dellwyn's* Beauty gave a gallant Turn of Mind and Conversation to all who were within Sight of her; and when they could not get near enough to impart it to her Ladyship, the Benefit naturally fell on the next Person. But hereby Miss *Weare* became possessed of so large a Share of Flattery, that, if she attributed but one Quarter of it as due to her own Charms, she had more than the utmost Ambition of a voluntary humble Companion could possibly hope for. I say voluntary; because those Persons, who, by any unfortunate Combination of Circumstances, are forced into that State, are generally too much oppressed in Mind to have any other Ambition, or even Wish, than to be delivered from their Bondage.

She shone by Reflexion; and tho' the Moon is dim when compared with
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the Origin of its Light, the Sun; yet if we consider it simply by itself, we admire its benign Lustre. This was the Case with Miss *Weare*; many were attracted by her gentle Influence, who had not Courage sufficient to address Lady *Dellwyn*; and, rather than be without any Flattery at all, she was ready to receive it at second-hand, or in any manner she could come at it.





CHAP. IX.

Lady Dellwyn prevails on herself to believe that she is in Love.

THE greatest Number of Lady Dellwyn's Admirers, were such as followed her to shew, not to gratify, their Taste ; as happens in all fashionable Pursuits. But one Gentleman, Monsieur *D'Orville* by Name, a young Man of considerable Rank, and amiable in Person and Manner, was more seriously attached. His greatest Fault was an Impetuosity of Temper : His Passions were strong ; he had habituated himself to indulge the Bent of his own Disposition, and therefore never attempted to controul himself in any With of his Heart.

Lady

Lady *Dellwyn* did not quarrel with this Disposition in Monsieur *D'Orville*; for she attributed it all to his Love; and, for the first Time, began to entertain some Suspicions that she had a Heart to bestow; not that she was actuated by that romantic Passion which creates Indifference to every other Object, and makes all Happiness to consist in pleasing the beloved Person, only overstraining Delicacy so much as to feel it almost a Crime to charm any other.

Monsieur *D'Orville*, by the Warmth of his Addresses, shewed Lady *Dellwyn*, as in a Glass, the great Power of her own Charms to inspire the most violent Passion, and this at a Time when the great Mortifications she had suffered rendered such a Cordial more particularly pleasing. She might with more Propriety be said to have a small Degree of Partiality to Monsieur *D'Orville*, than to love him. Like Miss *Biddy*, she loved him the best of them all; for, “like the Sun, she shone on
“ all

"all alike." She loved as a Coquet might love : Nothing gave her so much Pleasure as Monsieur *D'Orville's* Conversation, except general Admiration.

Those who have affirmed that Love will conquer all things, should have considered that there is no Rule without an Exception; for Vanity is not to be so baffled; and still claims the Honour of being unconquerable.

Love hath taught an *Hercules* to spin, hath made an ambitious Man resign the Sweets of Empire, hath tamed the Fierce, changed Wisdom into Folly, Virtue into Vice, and sometimes Vice into Virtue; but Vanity into Humility is a Metamorphosis it never made.

Monsieur *D'Orville* could have wished Lady *Dellwyn* as violently enamoured as himself: But, as that was beyond his Hopes, he was as contented as a Lover can be, with perceiving she preferred

preferred him to her whole Train of Admirers; and his Vanity, or his Inclination that it should be so, persuaded him the Preference was still greater than it appeared. He had lived in the Land of Coquetry, and was ignorant that any Lover could be so unreasonable as to say to his Mistress,

Be mine, and only mine; take care

Your very Thoughts and Looks to guide;

Nor go so far

As liking any Youth beside.

This was an impertinent Request, ill-suited to *French* Politeness. And so far are we influenced by the Custom of the Country we live in, that it not only directs the Form of our Head-dresses, and the Cut of our Clothes; but even shapes our Passions, till they are as unlike those of another Nation, as the Circumstances which seem most subservient to Fashion. The original Seeds of the human Passions are indeed the same; but they are as variously modified

fied by different Climates and Customs, as the Fruits of the Earth are. Thus *Spanish* Love differs more from that Passion in *France*, than the Dress of the one Kingdom doth from that of the other; and true *English* Love varies as much from what is so called in both those Nations, as they do from one another.

Monfieur *D'Orville* saw nothing in Lady *Dellwyn's* Conduct to deter him from seeking in Marriage that Happiness, which his Passion was lavish in promising him that he should find in the Indulgence of it; but a Lady who had been the Object of his Gallantry, rather than of his Love, before the Countess of *Dellwyn* had appeared in *Paris*, made a more exact Scrutiny. And it is not strange, if Jealousy, which can magnify the smallest Objects into a giant-like Bulk, and even see what is not visible, should find out Truths so well known as Lady *Dellwyn's* former Behaviour. This Lady having Friends
in

in *England*, no sooner was piqued by Monsieur *D'Orville's* Neglect, than she wrote to them to inquire who this impertinent Countess was.

Such Curiosity could not fail of being easily gratified. Lady *Dellwyn* was not so fortunate as to have her Name already buried in Oblivion. A full Account of her was thus transmitted into *France*, and put into such good Hands, that it was in no Danger of being hid. The first Person whom she acquainted with it was Monsieur *D'Orville* himself, flattering herself that she should enjoy great Pleasure from his Confusion: But, to her great Disappointment, he treated it all as the Invention of Malice and Envy. His good Opinion of Lady *Dellwyn* was founded on the great Amiableness of her Person and Conversation; and he had not accustomed himself constantly to give way to every Passion and Imagination that was uppermost to so very little Effect, as to suffer a Legion of Evidence
to

to convince him of any Fact against the whole Force and Bent of his Inclinations.

This ill Success did not discourage the Lady. She could not fear finding a Lover's Incredulity in most of her Hearers, especially as she was resolved to impart it chiefly to her own Sex, who she was sure would listen with willing Ears, many having received the same Cause of Offence with herself; and the others, who sympathised with Lady *Dellwyn*, in staking their Happiness on the Breath of Flattery, thinking themselves sufficiently injured by any Woman who so entirely eclipsed them.

Such Ladies, as they had now obtained the Knowledge of such Facts as could depreciate Lady *Dellwyn*, were lavish in the Praises of her Beauty, and extolling her Charms: But when they thought they had by this means sufficiently baffled the Suspicion of Envy,
the

the purposed End appeared. The Words, *But 'tis Pity*, were ready for Utterance; and many Shakings of the Head, and Gestures of Sorrow, introduced the whole History of her erroneous Conduct.

Thus, by Female Industry, Lady *Dellwyn's* History soon became a general Topic; and was implicitly believed by every Woman who was not so happy as to escape the painful Stings of Envy. But amongst the Men it had a different Effect. Some gave no Credit to it; others looked upon it as a Recommendation, and therefore received it as a Truth, indulging Hopes by that means which they had never hitherto seen any Reason to cherish.

It was difficult to trace from what Hands the Story first came; for the Lady who imported it chose to conceal her having done so, lest the true Reason should be suspected. The Authority therefore was doubtful; and every
one

one thought himself at liberty to believe or disbelieve it, as best suited his Inclinations.

Monfieur *D'Orville* was most incredulous, in proportion as he was most seriously enamoured; and his Affiduities rather increased than abated, as some Reparation for a Scandal of which he thought himself in a degree the Cause, by his Infidelity to the Lady whom he suspected to be its original Inventor.

Lady *Dellwyn* was not ignorant of the Reports to her Disadvantage; and was sensible the Truth, when once surmised, must in a short Time be confirmed. The Triumph of her Vanity she plainly perceived must soon have an End; and, from being the Object of Admiration or Envy of all who beheld her, she should become the Subject of general Contempt. In this Situation she was perplexed what Part she should act. Sometimes she thought it would be best to leave the Kingdom,

before she received any of the Mortification which seemed so imminently to threaten her: But then, to what Place could she go, where Shame would not pursue her!

In this Dilemma there was one Circumstance which had great Weight towards detaining her Ladyship in France. To leave Monsieur *D'Orville*, was to quit the Man whom she thought more amiable than any other had ever appeared to her. She had no Doubt but Marriage was his View; a Prospect which flattered both her Love and her Vanity. She hoped to bury all her Misconduct in this Change of Name; and that the Faults of Lady *Dellwyn* might be forgiven Madam *D'Orville*, as she was resolved never again to give the least Occasion for Censure.

Lady *Dellwyn* had, it is true, a natural Aversion to Deceit. But whatever may be said of Misfortunes, it is certain that Crimes seldom come alone; and

and there is scarcely any wrong Action which doth not lead to a Deviation from Truth in many Instances.

Reduced as Lady *Dellwyn* was, it would have been difficult for her not to have caught at any Means that seemed to offer her an Asylum from Contempt, or at least from public Neglect. And how was it probable, that a Woman should relinquish so flattering a Prospect, rather than be guilty of Deceit, when she had before violated both her Honour and the most solemn Vows? She hoped Monsieur *D'Orville's* Love would plead for her Forgiveness, more effectually than any Arguments she should have to urge in her Defence, when he should come to the certain Knowledge of her Character; and blinded herself with a vain Plea, that Justice obliged no one to condemn themselves; not considering, that in this Case Generosity should weigh more than the scanty Justice which is the only Foundation of that Assertion.

While the Lovers were so well disposed to enter into a lasting Union, the Lady whose Views had been so cruelly frustrated by the Violence of Monsieur *D'Orville's* Passion for the Lady of whom he was enamoured, took a surer Method of Success, by writing to his Father, to inform him what Infamy his Son was in danger of bringing on himself.

Monsieur *D'Orville* had acquainted his Father with his Passion, and been more circumstantial in describing the Lady's Rank and Fortune than her Beauty; knowing those were Particulars to which he would be most sensible.

The old Gentleman, with all the Circumspection of one on whom Age hath laid its frozen Hand, exhorted his Son to be very cautious and certain of her Estate, before he engaged too far to retreat; and referred him to a Person of Business, who was well able to make the Inquiry; and if it answered his

his Expectations, and the Lady consented to accept him, he would come to *Paris*, and do a Father's Part.

This Answer might have satisfied a colder Lover: But Inquiries that might be Months before they brought Satisfaction, were but ill-suited to the Vehemence of Monsieur *D'Orville's* Passions. He had not indeed expressed all his Impatience to his Father, fearing to excite in him Apprehensions of being too strongly prepossessed in the Lady's Favour, to be sufficiently cautious in his Proceedings concerning what the old Gentleman would think more essential than all the Charms that ever adorned the whole Sex.

Another Circumstance rendered this Advice still more unacceptable; for, before Monsieur *D'Orville* received it, he had perceived that the Rumours to Lady *Dellwyn's* Disadvantage began to spread; and he was sensible, that, if they reached his Father's Ears, the

old Gentleman, who had no Warmth left in his Temper, but where the Honour of his Family was concerned, would put an absolute Negative on all his most ardent Hopes. This threatening Circumstance made him resolve to compleat the Union without waiting the Result of any farther Transactions with his Father. It was not customary with him to imagine it possible for him to outlive the contradicting any earnest Pursuit, on which he had fixed his Inclinations. He never suffered himself to have any Experience on that Side of the Question, having always used his utmost Endeavours to indulge his utmost Wishes; and therefore judged, perhaps rightly, that it would be easier to obtain his Father's Forgiveness for a rash Action before, than after he should have received his positive Commands to the contrary.

Tho' Monsieur *D'Orville* had, thro' the Medium of his Inclinations, closely shut up every Passage of his Mind from
the

the Admittance of any evil Belief concerning Lady *Dellwyn*; yet he would have been glad to have heard what she would say on the Subject. But that Respect which always attends true Love, deprived him of Courage to signify such his Desire to her; and she esteemed it more prudent not to mention what she could so ill deny; and chose therefore to appear entirely ignorant that any Report concerning herself was propagated; but the Fear of its being confirmed, rendered her as ready to comply, as he was earnest in soliciting her Hand.

Persons so well disposed, and actuated by such mutual Sympathy, were not likely to take much Time for adjusting Preliminaries; Two Days were thought sufficient for the necessary Preparations; and therefore the Completion of their Wishes was not fixed at a great Distance.



C H A P. X.

A Battle between Love and Honour.

WHILE the Lovers were flattering themselves that now nothing could prevent their Union, and Lady *Dellwyn* was enjoying already in Thought her returning again into the World, without the Apprehensions she now laboured under of Discovery, Monsieur *D'Orville's* Father was far advanced on his Road to *Paris*; whether the Letter, which contained an Account of Lady *Dellwyn's* Infamy, brought him, with a Speed but ill suited to his Age, or usual Method of Proceeding; and he arrived in Town the Evening before his Son's intended Nuptials.

When

When he arrived at his House, he was informed that his Son was at Lady *Dellwyn's*. He immediately sent to require his Presence; a Message which threw the young Gentleman, as well as Lady *Dellwyn*, into the greatest Consternation, tho' she endeavoured to the utmost of her Power to conceal her Emotions. The same Thought struck them both instantly: They imagined that the Scandal so current about her had reached his Ears; and Monsieur *D'Orville* was scarcely able to obey the Summons.

Lady *Dellwyn*, not less shocked, but thinking it necessary to appear with all the Fearlessness of Innocence, endeavoured to encourage him. But the little, which, in the Anxiety of her Mind, she was capable of urging, had no other Effect on him, than that, by an unusual Tenderness in her Behaviour to him, his Chain was rivetted yet faster; and he took Leave of her with the utmost Agony, and with re-

peated Vows on both Sides, that the next Morning should put it out of the Power of any one ever to divide them from each other.

Not all their Vows could suppress Lady *Dellwyn*'s tormenting Fears, nor encourage Monsieur *D'Orville* to appear before his Father with any Degree of Composure. He went like a Criminal before his Judge; tho' with this Difference, that his greatest Grief arose from the Consideration, that his Crime was only intended, and not yet committed.

The old Gentleman had composed an Harangue upon the Road: The Text was, The Honour of his Family. Tho' he plainly saw his Son's Distress and Impatience to know what brought him to *Paris*, yet he could not prevail on himself to cut short his Composition. Elaborate and tedious as it was, Monsieur *D'Orville* was obliged to sit it all; for hear it he did not.

As

As soon as he found the Drift of his Father's Discourse, his Apprehensions were thoroughly confirmed; and therefore, till he came to the Conclusion, he was sensible that he was not much concerned; and whilst the good Gentleman was expatiating on the inestimable Value of Honour and Dignity of Family, expressing almost more than *Cæsar*-like Delicacy on the Subject, his Son took the Liberty to substitute the Word *Love* in its place; and, letting his Imagination run on the Charms of that Passion, heard not one Syllable of all the intermediate Part of his Father's Discourse; till he was indeed thoroughly awakened by the Conclusion; it containing a positive Prohibition ever to see Lady *Dellwyn* more, on pain of his Father's utmost Displeasure.

Monfieur *D'Orville* declared the Impossibility of his Obedience; that his Life and Love were so interwoven, that whoever cut the Thread of the one, must put an End to the other; with a

whole String of those ingenious Metaphors and Bombast, with which People have endeavoured to give an unnatural Air to perhaps the most natural Passion in all our Composition.

Upon this the Conversation grew rather too animated. These Champions for Love and Honour did not argue the Matter with the Gentleness and Good-breeding of Prince *Volscius*. The Father forgot the Dignity of Age, tho' as deserving of Regard as the Dignity of Family; and the Son found some Difficulty in remembering the Respect due to his Father. Like most Disputants, they talked much, and prevailed little.

Monfieur *D'Orville* had too much Love to relinquish his Hopes; and would by no means make his Father a Promise which he did not so much as intend to keep, as he was not only engaged by the strictest Vows to Lady *Dellwyn*, but also by that most prevailing

vailing Argument, the strongest Inclinations.

Great Part of the Night passed in this Contention. When Love and Honour are engaged in a Contest, it is often seen that the former obtains a speedier Victory. They may hold out pretty well in distant Skirmishes; but, when they come to close Combat, Honour is often sent halting off. But here it had a stout Champion, who at least made out in Perseverance what he might want in Warmth of his younger Adversary.

As neither Side received much Satisfaction in the Dispute, they were at last willing to postpone a Conclusion, which seemed as far off as when they began. The old Gentleman proposed the retiring to their Apartments for that Night; to which the other consented, tho' he had not so strong an Inducement as his Father, who was fatigued with

with his Journey, and wanted Repose.

Monfieur *D'Orville* retired indeed, but not to rest. It was scarcely possible for a Mind to be in greater Perturbation than his. He grieved at the Thought of so totally offending his Father as to marry Lady *Delhuyn*, after he had declared himself so absolutely averse to it, and had protested he would never after such a Marriage look on him as his Son. It is true, the greatest Part of his Estate was settled beyond his Power to alter; but that rather made Monfieur *D'Orville* the more unwilling to disobey him. He saw himself in this Case doubly ungenerous, at least in Appearance. Had his Ruin depended on his Disobedience, it would have worn the Air of a noble Constancy, very flattering to a romantic Passion.

Here again Love and Honour engaged, but not on such equal Terms.

One Heart was the Field of Battle; and there the weaker Combatant seldom finds room to exert his Strength. Besides, Love contrived to draw off some of Honour's Forces, by urging that Honour was bound as much to the Mistress as the Father. By this means it obtained a compleat Victory; and Monsieur *D'Orville*, after a long Debate, was at last determin'd to marry Lady *Dellwyn* the next Morning.

Tho' nothing is so painful as Irresolution; yet Monsieur *D'Orville* was not quite easy in his Determination. From some things his Father had said, he could not help entertaining some intruding Fears, lest the Reports concerning Lady *Dellwyn* should have any Foundation in Truth; tho' he scarcely durst utter these Suspicions to himself. He endeavour'd to collect some Satisfaction, by reflecting on her Behaviour since she came to *Paris*. He could discover nothing in it that was not entirely proper; but it was impossible for

8 even

even his Blindness to make this into any certain Proof of the past. She had not been long there ; a designing Woman might watch over her Conduct for a longer Time.

This Thought had a quite contrary Effect from what a reasonable Person who was in Love might have expected ; for tho' he could allow that an artful Woman might have done so ; yet he could never acknowlege, even in the softest inward Whispers, that Lady *Dellwyn* was an artful Woman. He thought, amiable as she was, she might be guilty of some Frailties, but was greatly superior to all low Cunning. Art and Design his Nature abhorred ; and therefore he could not suppose any one practised them whom he esteemed.

Having acquitted her one by one of every Crime which he deemed to be the Marks of a black Mind, his Apprehensions abated. Some small Indiscretions

discretions were a sufficient Foundation whereon Malice might build a great Pile of Scandal; and yet those he could readily forgive. Such Beauty, like the fair *Hesperian* Fruit, required an *Argus* to watch it, if every Foible was to be swelled into a Crime.

In these Thoughts Monsieur *D'Orville* passed the Night, not attempting to go to Bed, or take any Rest. But when he thought the Hour approached that he might wait on his intended Bride, he rang for his Servant to assist him in dressing fit for the Occasion; when, instead of his own, entered his Father's *Valet de Chambre*, who, with the utmost Politeness, informed him he was a Prisoner; for that his Father had in the Night sent for a Guard, who were placed at the Door of his Apartment, with strict Orders not even to admit his Servants.

Now was Monsieur *D'Orville* more furious than *Bajazet* in his Cage. A
more

more patient Man might indeed have found it difficult to have borne such a Disappointment with any tolerable Degree of Composure. But we shall leave him to vent his Rage alone, while we take a View of Lady Dellwyn.

Her Ladyship had passed as restless a Night as her Lover; nor was Miss *Weare* able to give her much Consolation, her Apprehensions being not in any Degree less uneasy. She had considered Lady Dellwyn's Establishment in *France* as a fortunate Event for her. They were on very friendly Terms; and she hoped an agreeable Asylum at her House at least for some time longer; but could not fix with her in *London*, without giving up every Pretension to Character; which, as Friendship, built on any other Foundation than that of a well-grounded Esteem, is not the most stable of any thing even in this changeable World, was a very hazardous Step.

Thus

Thus was Miss Weare's Interest in this Affair closely connected with Lady Dellwyn's; and therefore her Uneasiness was not much inferior to her Ladyship's, who beheld so great a Proof of Friendship with Gratitude, and expressed herself much obliged for the kind Concern she shewed for her. Miss Weare was too prudent to lose the Merit by explaining all the Cause of her Sympathy with her: But, on the contrary, she confirmed it by strong Professions of her Attachment, which was in some measure real.





CHAP. XI.

A Disappointment.

IN this Manner the Ladies passed the best Part of their Night, and went not to Bed till the Morning; where, unable to sleep, they continued not Two Hours; but met again, full of Fears and Expectations what would be the Result of that Day. They could not calmly say, with *Brutus*,

— *O that a Man might know*

The End of this Day's Business ere it come:

Yet their Minds were too much disturbed by Anxiety to suffer them to say with him in the Lines that follow:

But

*But it sufficeth, that the Day will end;
And then the End is known.*

Lady *Dellwyn* imagined, that if Monsieur *D'Orville* proved true to his Promises, he would be in haste to dissipate her Fears, and reward himself for his own; and accordingly dressed herself early with more than common Care, hoping, if his Father had unsettled his Resolution, to fix it again by the conquering Lustre of her Charms.

Her Ladyship had been dressed some time, and waited with Impatience for the Presence of the Person for whom she had thus adorned herself, when a Coach stopt at the Door. As she wished to see Monsieur *D'Orville*, so likewise she feared it, being greatly apprehensive lest he might have his Eyes opened by some Information produced by his Father; and, instead of the Love of a Bridegroom, should be full of Indignation, and come only with an Intention

to

to upbraid her for endeavouring to impose on him a blasted Reputation. These different Sensations rendered her unable, when she heard a Coach stop, to go to the Window to satisfy her Impatience. But Miss *Weare*, altho' herself under great Apprehensions, did that for her; and exclaimed with Surprise, as well as Disappointment, that it was not the expected Lover, but an old Gentleman.

Lady *Dellwyn's* Fears then told her Truth. They immediately suggested that it was Monsieur *D'Orville's* Father, and that the Design of this Visit was to break off her Match with his Son; to which it occurred to her, that he was also consenting, as he had not prepared her for this unexpected Visit; and she naturally judged, that a younger Man, and a Lover too, might have been as early at her Door as his Father could be.

However

However oppressed by these alarming Apprehensions, Lady *Dellwyn* was sensible that all her Courage was necessary; and she recovered from her Confusion as well as she could, assuming her utmost Power over herself to give the old Gentleman a proper Reception; wherein, however, she could not acquit herself so well as she wished: But he was not himself so little moved, as to be exactly observant of her Emotions.

He came with an Intention of informing her, in very plain Terms, of the Reasons why he could not suffer his Son to marry her; and did not design to leave her, without some Reproaches for having attempted to introduce Infamy into his *immaculate Family*. But when he entered the Room, Lady *Dellwyn* received him with such Dignity of Air, and Politeness of Manner, that it got so far the better of the Prepossession with which the old Gentleman came, that he could not refuse
her

her a Respect which in his Heart he did not think due to her Conduct.

He was so much awed by her Appearance, that, before he could address her, she got Courage to express a Desire of knowing his Name, that she might not be ignorant to whom she owed the Favour of a Visit; for that, from a Person of his Age and Appearance, she must always esteem it as a Favour, tho' in general she was not desirous of the Company of Strangers.

The old Gentleman, who had been long a Stranger to the having his Appearance noticed, much less complimented, by a fair Lady, felt his Anger both against her and his Son greatly disarmed. But his Intention nevertheless continued stedfast; and having such Assistance offered for his delivering of a Business which he found it no easy Matter to produce, would not lose the Opportunity by longer Silence; but replied, he feared she would scarcely esteem

esteem his Visit as deserving the Acknowledgements she had so politely bestowed on it, when she knew his Motive for it; which, that she might in part guess before he uttered it, he would inform her that he was Father to Monsieur *D'Orville*.

As Lady *Dellwyn* hereby learned nothing new, she baffled the Intention with which it was spoken; for she received it without Confusion. Encouraged by seeing the sudden Effect her Person and Manner had on the old Gentleman, she assumed an Assurance, which, till thus called forth, she herself did not imagine she was Mistress of; and said,

“ I am now doubly obliged; for I
“ cannot see the Parent of a Person
“ for whom I have so sincere a Re-
“ gard, without the utmost Respect,
“ and esteeming a Visit from him as
“ a great Honour, and the highest
“ Obligation.”

‘ That, Madam, (replied the old Gentleman) must depend on my Intention in making it; which, not to leave you longer in Suspence, is no other than — than — than — to put a Stop to the Intercourse between my Son and your Ladyship. But this is a Loss, Madam, which should not afflict you, as it may be so soon supplied by the Power of your Charms.’

Lady Dellwyn was not enough Mistress of herself to hear unmoved even what she expected, and especially after she had entertained some small Degree of Hopes that she could look the old Gentleman out of the Power of declaring any thing disobliging to her. She was not immediately able to return an Answer. But he gave her time to recover herself; being so rejoiced that he had brought forth what her Elegance and Dignity had made so mighty a Burden, that he had no Desire to pursue the Subject.

At

At last, after a great Struggle with herself, Lady *Dellwyn* replied, That indeed the Design of his Visit was not perfectly agreeable. As for the little Charms which he was pleased to think might repair the Loss, however true that might be, if Monsieur *D'Orville* had no Merit but what was common to every Lover — “ But, Sir, (continued she) your Son is possessed of Qualities which I have little Hopes of finding again, however numerous my Train of Admirers.” Then she declared, that as her Rank and Fortune were equal to any Man's, she could not imagine why he should wish to put such an Affront upon her.

This last Sentence was not uttered without great Hesitation; for she feared the Answer which what she said seemed to require; but thought it would appear like Self-condemnation, if she offered to urge nothing in her own Behalf; and was somewhat encouraged also by the Complacency with which the Fa-

ther received the Praises of his Son, and hoped that he was thereby greatly mollified. In some measure he was so; but the unfortunately naming her Rank and Fortune connected with them the Idea of her Infamy, the Dignity of his own House, and again roused the old Gentleman's Indignation.

By this means he was enabled to intimate, that her Character rendered her improper to enter into his Family; and, to avoid Altercation, added, that how far the Slander was just, was not much to the Purpose, for the Belief of it was sufficient to prevent him from ever consenting to such an Union; and, in more explicit Terms, was by a strong Effort enabled to inform her, that he had applied to the King upon the Affair; who had put his Son under Arrest, from which he should not be released till she had left the Kingdom, and he so well restored to his Reason, as to know the Obedience due to a Father.

OF

Of all he had said, this last Assurance was the most displeasing. She could still flatter herself with Hopes, if she might see Monsieur D'Orville. She knew the Violence of his Passion was her Friend, and a prevailing Pleader of her Cause. But this Resource was denied her; and, by an Action of such Eclat, her longer Abode in France must be very disagreeable to her, as well as prolong the Imprisonment of the only Man she had ever even fancied she had loved.

Amongst all her Distresses, Lady Dellwyn never felt a deeper than what she now endured. Her Pride, her Vanity, and her Affections, were all separately wounded. Her Affliction was insupportable, and heightened by the Consideration of what Monsieur D'Orville also suffered. Some Days passed before she could resolve on any thing; but as soon as she was capable of Reflexion, she determined to leave the Place: And since Shame would fol-

low her where-ever she went, she thought it more advisable to return where it would be no Novelty, and therefore cause none of those violent Anxieties or Revolutions, than to feel such Vicissitudes of Fortune, and be rendered more sensible to the Pain arising from Contempt, for having enjoyed a Season of Respect and Admiration. But, convinced that Monsieur *D'Orville's* Father would make such strict Scrutiny into her Conduct, that his Son would not be long left in Ignorance of the Truth, she chose to make her Vanity some Amends, by having the Honour of a Confession.

Accordingly, before her Departure, Lady *Dellwyn* wrote a Letter to Monsieur *D'Orville*; wherein she lamented the Uneasiness she had caused him, as the greatest Misfortune that could have befallen her. She acknowledged some Indiscretions which made her hateful and contemptible to herself; and that Vanity was her only Seducer. She attempted

tempted to palliate it by the Intoxication of Flattery, which her Understanding was too weak to bear unhurt; but that her Heart had never been engaged before; and to her Love she applied for her Apology for not having acquainted him with the whole of her past Conduct.

She informed him, that she should leave *Paris* in Three Days Time, and proceed with all possible Haste into *England*, that she might not prolong his Confinement; and concluded, by intreating him to think of her Follies with Compassion, and not to suffer Contempt or Hatred to take the Place of Affection in his Heart. She acknowledged, that Indifference was the best she could hope: In that, as her just Due, she should acquiesce; tho' her Regard for him no Time or Affliction could efface.

This Letter she gave to a Friend of Monsieur D'Orville, to deliver to him after her Departure; but, having got

Liberty to see the Prisoner, he performed his Commission before, and brought her back an Answer, filled with the most affectionate Lamentations, and the tenderest Farewel, that a desponding Lover could pen; a Lover whose Despair arose from finding his Mistress unworthy of his Affection; and yet such was the Strength of his Passions, that he could not immediately conquer his Love.

This Letter afforded Lady *Dellwyn* some little Satisfaction; for she could not bear the Thought of being placed in no-body's Heart but her own; and even that Self-love stood only on the same tottering Foundation with Monsieur *D'Orville's* good Opinion, and had no other Support but Partiality. She left the Kingdom according to her Word, and arrived safe in *England*. But it is impossible to express what Lady *Dellwyn* suffered in her Passage from *Calais* to *Dever*. She could indeed reproach *France* with its Treatment of her,

her, as she had done her own Country when she left it; but she could not congratulate herself on being set on Shore on her native Land, nor have the Pleasure of greeting it with Joy, which is the general Lot of every common Sailor.

All Places were now become irksome to her. She found it impossible to fly from Infamy, unless she could at the same time fly from herself; there was no stopping the hundred Tongues of Rumour, neither was there any Possibility of forgetting the criminal Errors of her Conduct. Her Passions were in a continual Alarm; and she read, or fancied she read, Contempt in every Countenance.

What yet added to Lady Dellwyn's Misfortunes was, that she now found Miss *Weare* intended to leave her; and being sensible of the Value of an agreeable Companion to one in her Circumstances, with whom many might not

chuse to keep Company, she offered her a competent Stipend to tempt her to continue with her.

Miss *Weare* was in a Situation that rendered her less scrupulous upon the Point of Reputation; and therefore her Poverty, and not her Will, consented; and Lady *Dellwyn* was as well satisfied as *Romeo*, to pay her Poverty, and not her Will.

When they appeared in *London*, the Elegance of their Dress, which was entirely *French*, procured them at first, as they apprehended it would, a better Reception than could have been reasonably expected. But this was only during the very short Time they were the Objects of Curiosity; and some People liked to see what Difference there was between Ladies going to, and the same Ladies returning from, *Paris*. And Lady *Dellwyn* found it impossible to get into very good Company, and very bad she could not endure;

dure; for, tho' infamous, she was not impudent, nor could relish any Conversation which exceeded the Limits of Decency. She had at first been seduced to give her Hand without her Heart; to make solemn Vows at the Altar, without any Regard to Truth; and afterwards betrayed to break those Vows, thus solemnly given, by Vanity. And tho' no Day nor Hour passed, but that she had sufficient Cause, either from the Consequence of her Actions, or from the painful Reflexions on them, to lament the Dupe she had been to that Passion; yet her Mind was too much disturbed, and gone too far in an erroneous Path, to suffer her to break thro' the Chain that held her, and abandon a Leader under whose Banner she had never been led into any Transactions, but what were attended with Errors, Crimes, and Misfortunes. She constantly wished to unravel what she had done last; and yet, as if she was infatuated, was as constant in persisting to act on in a Manner that only

gave her fresh Cause to wish she had
the Power

To call back Yesterday;

which her Ignorance of herself alone
made her imagine she could employ to
any better Purpose.

LADY DELANY'S future life was
a continual mortification; for al-
though she carefully avoided every more
falling into any such snare as that
wherein Lord Clewson had entangled
her, yet her very seldom
mentioned
acted with
Persons under
seemed to be labouring under a great
Difficulty to call to Remembrance
what was before uppermost, and ready
for utterance; but they never failed
recollecting enough to join the Names
of Lord Clewson and Lady Delany;
before they quitted the subject. That
kind of Wisdom which deals in con-
ceiving



CHAPTER the Last,

The Conclusion.

LADY *Dellwyn's* future Life was a continual Mortification ; for altho' she carefully avoided ever more falling into any such Snares as that wherein Lord *Clermont* had intangled her, yet her Name was very seldom mentioned without being strictly connected with that Circumstance. Some Persons indeed at first hesitated, and seemed to be labouring under a great Difficulty to call to Remembrance what was before uppermost, and ready for Utterance ; but they never failed recollecting enough to join the Names of Lord *Clermont* and Lady *Dellwyn*, before they quitted the Subject. That Kind of Wisdom which deals in con-
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denning others, and consequently hath no Leisure to inspect the Errors at home, was exercised very plentifully on Lady *Dellwyn's* Conduct. A few Individuals, it is true, who were acquainted with her Story, and knew in what Manner she was betrayed to marry Lord *Dellwyn*, could not forbear looking on her with some degree of Compassion: But it was observable, that this Lenity was exerted only by those Persons whose own Conduct had ever been the most unblemished, and who, by their exemplary Lives alone, had proved their Abhorrence of every vicious Practice.

Charity covereth a Multitude of Sins, saith the Apostle; but generally that Part of Mankind who visibly have the greatest Number of Crimes to veil over, are apt to provide themselves with the least Share of that necessary Covering. Perhaps this may be in some degree owing to what is observed in *The Spectator*; That to resist a Temptation,

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is the only Means by which we can judge of its Force.

Lady *Dellwyn* could not relish a retired Life. Her Mind was not sufficiently calm. True, sound, and religious Principles her Father had never instilled into her youthful Mind. It was indeed a Task impossible for him to execute, as he had never thought of them himself. He had given his Daughter some general Ideas of Virtue, which was to be built on the sandy Foundation of Pride; and when that Pride, under whose Banner she was enlisted, commanded her to deviate into the Paths of Vice, she followed her Leader implicitly, and, according to the common Proverb, plunged thro' thick and thin, without any Reflexion on the mischievous Consequences that must attend her erroneous Conduct. It is in fact as absurd to say, that Pride can preserve Virtue, as it would be to assert, that a Vessel sails the most steady on the Ocean in the midst of a violent

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lent Storm; it being full as much the Nature of Pride to throw the human Mind into Confusion and Perturbation, and to rob it of all its Steadiness, as it is of roaring Waves and foaming Billows to toss about the Vessels that sail on them when they are thus agitated by the Winds.

Some fluctuating Notions concerning Repentance, Virtue, Honour, Morality, &c. hovered around Lady *Dellwyn's* Thoughts, but were too wavering to bring her to any fixed Determination. She became a constant Attendant from one public Place to another; where she met with many Mortifications: But yet even these were not quite so dreadful to her, as to retire, and be subjected to her own Company alone. But as Lord *Dellwyn* supplied her with Means of gaming within a moderate Degree, to that she fled for Refuge from herself, and for a Method of banishing painful Reflexion. But as the Love of Play was not natural to her,

her, she could not reap thence any great Pleasure; but often found herself weary of this Life, and yet anxiously avoided every Thought of Death. She might very well have applied to herself what *Angelo*, in *Measure for Measure*, says, after he had fallen from Virtue and Innocence,

Alack! when once our Grace we have forgot,

Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

Miss *Weare* attended on Lady *Dellwyn* as her Shadow; and as she had before received a great deal of Flattery at second-hand, so she now received a great deal of Contempt in the same Manner; with this material Difference, that the Flattery which came to her Share, when it could not reach Lady *Dellwyn*, lost much of its respectful Manner by the Way; whereas that Contempt fell with redoubled Force on

on her, of which Lady *Dellwyn's* Beauty and Quality somewhat abated the Violence; inſomuch that Miſs *Weare* often repined, and ſecretly wiſhed that ſhe had rather ſubmitted to the meanest Employment, on the Death of her Parents, than taken up the Trade of being an humble Companion, and eſpecially to a Lady, who, ſo far from being able to protect others, could not cover herſelf from the Shame of the Infamy ſhe had incurred.

Lord *Dellwyn* diſappointed all Captain *Drumond's* Hopes, for he made his Houſe-keeper his Counteſs; whoſe firſt Step towards engroſſing her Lord and his Fortunes wholly to herſelf, was the Riddance of Captain *Drumond* out of the Family; altho' no Endeavours were wanting on his Part to avoid ſo fatal a Miſfortune. He was a true poetical *Proteus*, turned and twiſted himſelf into various Forms, bullied and cringed, boated and flattered, threatened Lord *Dellwyn* that he would break

break his Heart if he would not continue to him his Friendship, and believe him to be an honest Man; but all in vain. The House-keeper no sooner found herself to be a Countess, than she claimed all her Privileges, and would suffer no Person in *her* House but whom she pleased. She obtained such an Ascendant over her Lord, that by degrees she governed him as absolutely as if he had been a real Infant, and made him leave her every thing in his Power, to the great Disadvantage of his own Brother, and the Scandal of his Name.

The Captain proceeded on in the Method he had begun, by puffing off himself, and deceiving others; turning every Human Weakness to his own Advantage, by directing his Flattery to that Part, till many Families had great Reason to lament the Day in which they had first been unfortunately acquainted with him; altho' he always boasted the great Blessing he had been

to them, and the many Favours he had conferred on them; and at last was so thoroughly discovered, that he was publicly infamous, his own Conscience bearing the painful Testimony that he was deservedly so. By which means he became so miserable, that if, amongst all the People he had injured, there was any one vindictive enough to be half so much an Enemy to him as he was to himself, could they have seen his inward Sufferings, they must have been very hard-hearted indeed, if their Anger would not by that means have been appeased, and have given place to some Degree of human Pity.

It hath been observed, that Mr. *Oblegen* was first induced to marry *Lady Fanny Fashion* by a real and sincere Affection for her; and altho he perceived that she was too much elated by public Diversions, and the Pleasures of Vanity, yet that he had flattered himself she would in Time grow weary of a continual Repetition of the same trifling

trifling Scenes, and then would naturally fall into the domestic Life he loved. But when he found that all his Hopes were built on a sandy Foundation, and that Time rather increased than diminished her Pursuit of vain Pleasures, he resolved to separate himself from her. He would not make any public Noise; but took an easy and obvious Method of enjoying her Absence, which was no other than remaining at his own home, which he found was the last Place to which she would chuse to resort. Lady *Fanny's* Life ended conformably to its Beginning; and if of the Space of Fifty Years, in which she fluttered about, much should be said, many Words might indeed be used; but of the Matter therein contained it might truly be said, it was *Much ado about Nothing*.

The Remainder of Mr. *Lucum's* Life bore a nearer Resemblance to Phrenzy or Distraction, than to any other thing whatsoever. He had before exerted
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the utmost Skill to make himself believe he was contented with a rural Retirement, insomuch that he could not now again avail himself of that Fallacy. He saw no Path by which he could possibly attain any new Connexion for the promoting any future Interest. He was become so much the Contempt of all Parties, that he could not flatter himself with any such alluring Hope. His Mind was swelled and puffed up with Ambition; but he laboured under the painful Affliction of finding no outward Object to gratify that turbulent Passion. He poured forth a small Part of his Indignation by constantly writing, One at least every Twelvemonth, the most enraged Letter he could dictate to his Daughter. But this was not sufficient to vent half the Venom with which he was filled. He therefore turned political Writer: He dipped his Pen in Gall, and threw forth his inward Spleen at every Man in Power; which Power was itself the Mark at which he shot, without distinguishing

tinguishing who or what the Man was at whom he levelled his *Satire*, more properly called *Ribaldry*.

He wrote about it, Goddess, and about it, till he buried the plainest Matters of Fact so deeply under a Redundancy of Words, that they could no longer be perceived even by the clearest Understanding.

At the Expiration of the Time which Miss *Bilson's* Father and Mother required Sir *Harry Cleveland* to spend in the Gaiety of the Metropolis, as a Trial of his Steadiness, in the Pursuit of such Pleasures as they thought becoming a reasonable Man, he returned to Mr. *Bilson's* in no way different from what he was when he left them; except in having his Passion for the young Lady, and his Esteem for the rest of the Family, still heightened, by the Comparisons his Mind had continually drawn between

between them and every other Person with whom he had conversed.

It must be confessed, that the ardent Love with which Sir *Harry* was inspired for Miss *Bilson*, was the most urgent Cause of his thinking the Time long whilst he staid in *London*. But if he had no other Motive but to have returned again to the instructing as well as entertaining Conversation of that Family, he would have longed to have quitted the Town, and all its Diversions, to have enjoyed that Pleasure; for there innocent Mirth and real Wit abounded, without their mimic Shadows, barbarous Noise, or affected Sneers. Their sprightly Humour displayed itself in various pleasing Forms, to enliven and amuse, but never to give mental Pain, or expose any of the Company to Derision. There Joy, spreading Laughter, like all other Pleasure, was shared in common; and they laughed *with*, but never *at*, one another. There, lastly, Religion appeared
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in its own natural Shape, and had its proper Influence; for, by softening the natural Infirmities which attend human Nature from the Time of its Entrance into this World, and by laying the most solid Foundation for rational Pleasure, it shewed every Countenance filled with such joyous Smiles, and benign Lustre, as can only be the Result of truly gladdened and happy Hearts.

Sir *Harry Cleveland* had now a Claim to urge, which neither Mr. nor Mrs. *Bilson* wished to refuse him; but, on the contrary, with general Joy confirmed his Union with Miss *Bilson*.

The young Clergyman, who owed both a tender and excellent Wife to Mrs. *Bilson*, begged leave to perform the Ceremony, as the greatest Gratification they could bestow; which, as they knew this Request was made in Sincerity of Heart, and not out of Flattery, they readily complied with, being ready to add to their own, by

The HISTORY of
 distributing Pleasure to all around them;
 and Sir *Harry* found abundant Reason
 to remember the Words of the wise
 Man, that *a good Wife is a Crown to*
her Husband.

There was no good House on Sir
Harry's Estate. He therefore com-
 pleted the Happiness of himself, his
 Bride, and all the Family, by hiring
 one in Mr. *Bilson's* Neighbourhood;
 tho' he thought it so proper to spend
 great Part of his Rents amongst those
 from whom he received them, that he
 followed Mrs. *Bilson's* Plan, fixing the
 same Institutions in his Parishes; and
 fitted up Apartments, where he and
 Lady *Cleveland* often went, and passed
 as much Time there as was requisite
 for the Inspection of the Charities they
 had established; over which the Cler-
 gyman's Widow presided in their Ab-
 sence, receiving from them a hand-
 some and proper Stipend for that Pur-
 pose.

This

This happy Family lived together in the happiest Union, till Time required its Sacrifice, and Death removed them from this World to a better, before Age had inflicted those Infirmities upon them which render Life burdensome to the Possessor, and a melancholy Object to their Friends; tho' not so soon, but that they went to the Grave full of Years and Honour.

Their Virtues lived in their Children. The Family changed its Persons, but not its Manners; and they continued a Blessing to the World from Generation to Generation.

F I N I S

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